

THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

VOLUME II.

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For the Constellation.

NEW-YORK PETIFOGGERS.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 20, 1831.

DEAR TIM,—In my last letter I told you I'd managed to keep out of jail, tho' one fellow tried plagy hard to put me in. I guess I was lawier enough to cast him twice, tho' he was a lawier too and a pretty slippery one into the bargain. The first time he spelt my name in the writ Timbletoes, and I upset him there, cause it was no name of mine. The next time he want on the spot and the justice flouted him—so you see I've half a mind to stick up a shingle as Turkey at Law, if there want so plagy many of them here already—they're as thick as flies round a bung-hole. When any body axes me what business Mr. Such-a-one is in, and I don't know, I always tells them he's a lawier, and more than half the time I'm right.

There are a good many tricks of these New York petty foggers to get business. I'll just tell you one or two, and see what you say to 'em. They don't bode in any place more than a month, but keep shifting about from one house to another. This you see is to make acquaintances. But my idee is the shorter time some of 'em stay the better—cause why I don't they sometimes run up a long score at their landlady's, and then run off and forget to pay her. That's true as a skunk, as my name is Enoch, and the worst out of a hen's nest, as to sue these petty foggers and get any thing but a judgment—a darn of a scent would I give for all the judgments a'gin 'em.

One of these same land sharks—as the sailors call 'em—came to my landlady's with his wife and nine children and one at the breast—as the catechism says of John Rogers was man. Well I guess they staid with us three or four weeks when Mrs. Fritter told him she wanted some money. The fellow was hopping mad and said he guessed he'd leave the house if she dinged him at that rate. The old lady stuck to him and wouldn't take no for an answer. So the lawier finding it was no use to pulaver, pulled in his horns and at last promised to pay her as soon as he got the costs on some chancery business. I thought then I'd give a little bit of my advice to the old lady, for I hate to see the women folks imposed on. So I told her if he'd got to wait for *chance* business till he could pay his board, I guessed she'd have to wait for it till Christmas. The old lady thought I was right and said she would wait no longer and then he said he'd pay to-morrow—but next morning he didn't come down to breakfast with his wife nor none of his children. So after waiting awhile Mrs. Fritter sent up to call them, and by the holy! the whole concern had cleared out as slick as a whistle. However the old lady was glad 'n't an't I thought she got off plagy cheap, as she was afraid he might stick to her all winter.

Some of these fellows get a good deal out of the sailors. Whenever a vessel comes in they have somebody on the lookout for them at the sailor boarding houses, and then if their capten hasn't treated them like lords all the voyage, they bring a suit for salt and buttery.—First thing the capten knows down comes a constable with a warrant and less than no time takes him up to the marcen court in the cellar of the City Hall. There the whole crew, Tom, Dick and Harry, the nigger cook,

& their landlord, are all assembled and they all swear to pretty much what the lawer tells 'em. Some folks talk about Jake Barker's and his conspiracy—tho' I don't believe a word on't for Jake said himself he was off to Nantucket sheep shearing when they *sheared* the banks here—I believe a plagy sight worse conspiracy cases happens here every day just to fleece ship masters out of their money and for what think you? to recompense the sidor for a beating if he happened to get one—nothing like it—the whole they recover is pocketed by the lawers and landlords. Now I aint joking, for I've seen all this with my own eyes and I say something ought to be done, else these ere lawers will play the very—but I don't like to swear about it and so good by till my next. ENOCH TIMBLETOES.

P. S. I wish you'd send me on a pair of cow hides, the walking is plagy sloshy here.
E. T.

Translated for the N. Y. Evening Journal from the
Revue de Provence.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND.

What is marriage?
It is a sacrament, answers an abbot.
It is the legitimate union of a man to a woman, answers a lawyer.
It is a moral and political institution, answers a political economist.
It is a galley, whispers a husband.
They are all four right. It is hard for us independent young men to give up our life of adventure and romance; that fickle and ever varying life, sometimes mad and sometimes serious; at one moment full of hope, at another without it; that sweet life of brief troubles and protracted enjoyments; how can we make up our minds to put an end to it for ever? Aye, marriage is for us a dreadful thing.

Not so with woman! It is for her a change of robes and ribbons; her simple girl's dress for a robe of dentelle; her green ribbon for a belt of pearls to gird her waist; it is to join in the ball after having been only a spectator; it is to look life in the face after having seen it only in profile. Marriage makes us slaves, while it makes her free. It renders us old, and it renders her young; it enriches her with all that we lose; it gives her our cast off stock of earthly joys.

Apropos, when Mrs. B— said to Nathalie that her time was come, she showed herself droll and resigned. Her fortune and her mother permitting her to do so; it was understood that the handsome heiress would surrender herself to him who should succeed in pleasing her, and the suitors arrived in multitudes. It was marvellous to see how loving and assiduous, and money they were, keeping up a continual war of observation and skirmishes. How young folks!

Every one endeavored to show off his talents; one was a painter, another a poet; this one a musician, that one a ventriloquist. It was necessary to be distinguished, no matter how, for a well timed jest often carries further than a host of worthy ones. It had not escaped a single one of them that, all the next day, would have gone and taken lessons of Ory, to fortify themselves in that delightful requirement; if he had said "I want a virtuous man for a husband," some of her admirers would have arrived, at the young's end, with an honorary diploma from Montblanc. But Nathalie did not manifest either taste for a *passionnada*, or love for virtue.

In short, many were called, and not one chosen.
Still, there were some who deserved to be, and who, elsewhere, would have found a willing reception for their homage.

The first who presented himself, was a handsome and melancholy figure, his black hair was carelessly thrown over a pale forehead, of a modest look, regular and soft features, and a thoughtful expression of countenance. Nathalie did not wish to marry an clergy.

The next was a slender and handsome young man,—he appeared in the world as Staupe had done, parading the fashions of to-morrow, confident and happy. He had expended in the knot of his cravat imagination enough to create a classical tragedy on the eighth line of a couplet. Nathalie judged that all this elegant nicety might well conceal an empty soul and a narrow mind.

Then came a mysterious and smiling man, speaking low to the ladies, looking without seeing, and seeing without looking, with rings

on his fingers and tresses on his neck; with reserve and frankness, with homed words and a perfumed handkerchief. He was a man with a good fortune, one of these privileged beings who have a large heart and variously distributed; here the great passions, there the amours of a week; on one side the women of the world, on the other the grissettes; one of these men, in short, who live much and little, and leave to their heirs, amor billets and miniatures of Isbey.

But Nathalie did not realize the happiness of being admired by a man who had made love a profound and varied study.

It would be an endless task to pass in review all the suitors that presented themselves. One was a poet, a dull and ordinary man when he expressed himself in prose,—brilliant and ingenious when he wrote in verse. Nathalie judged the poet from his prose. Another was a deputy, a true representative of the nation; a man of a generous and eloquent *opposition*, whose words were powerful and dreaded, when he attacked an abuse at the bar; amiable and winning when he addressed a woman in company. And if you would know why this last one was rejected, read Art. 38, of the Constitutional Charter. (The ancient charter, mind you.)

After the deputy, a member of the high chamber presented himself. How many bankers' daughters esteem themselves happy to place a million under the crown of a count! It is so sweet to see painted on the panels of one's carriage the blazonry of a peerage, to see before one the doors opening at two taps, and to say to one's self:—"When I shall no longer be young nor handsome, I shall still be a great lady; that will help to make old age supportable."

But Nathalie had neither ambition for the present nor foresight for the future.

And every day Nathalie dreamed of making a choice, and she dreamed of it all her life.

Abernethy's Courtship and Marriage.
The following amusing anecdote of Abernethy, the surgeon, is from the 18th number of the *National Portrait Gallery*.—"The reported fashion of his courtship and marriage is also extremely characteristic. It is told, that while attending a lady for several weeks, he observed those admirable qualifications in her countenance which I truly esteemed to be calculated to render the married state happy. Accordingly, on a Saturday, when taking leave of his patient, he addressed her to the following purport: "You are now so well that I need not see you after Monday next, when I shall come to pay my farewell visit. But in the mean time, I wish you and your daughter seriously to consider the proposal I am now about to make. It is abrupt and unceremonious, I am aware; but the excessive occupation of my time by my professional duties, affords me no leisure to accomplish what I desire by the more ordinary course of attention and solicitation. My annual receipts amount to—pounds, and I can settle—pounds, on my wife; my character is generally known to the public, so that you may readily ascertain what it is. I have seen in your daughter a tender and affectionate child, an assiduous and careful nurse, and a gentle and lady-like member of a family; such a person must be all that a husband could expect, and I offer my hand and fortune for her acceptance. On Monday, when I call, I shall expect your determination; for really I have not time for the routine of courtship." In this humor the woman was wooed and won; and we believe we may add, the union has been felicitous in every respect."

A good toast. On the examination of a man named Hewel, suspected of setting fire to a barn, before a bench of Magistrates, at Lewes, in Sussex, England, his wife was asked if her husband had not drunk very inflammatory toasts at a public house, which she admitted and at the request of the Magistrate repeated the toast. It was as follows:—

Ye gods above, send down your love,
With swords as sharp as sickle's,
To cut the throats of gentle folks,
Who rob the poor of victims.

Prince Talleyrand is well known to be one of the wisest men of his day—and wit upon one's self is the best defence against the satire of others. A newspaper correspondent, giving an account of the Prince's landing at Dover, expressed his surprise at seeing in Talleyrand, whom he had expected to look nothing but the cunning diplomatist, "the countenance of an open, candid, and honest character." This was shown to Talleyrand, who coolly remarked, it must have been, I suppose, in consequence of the dreadful sea-sickness I experienced in coming over.

Literary Gaz.

The Literary Husband. Dr. Thomas Morell, the celebrated lexicographer, and author of the "Annotations on Locke's Essays," was one day busily engaged in translating for the bookseller, Lebanus, when a messenger came to his study and told him that his wife who had been languishing some time, had relapsed into a severe fit of sickness, and that, dreading her dissolution was at hand, she wished to speak to him immediately.—"Go," said he, "and tell her I have only two periods to translate, and I will then come to see her. A second messenger informed him that she was in the last agonies of struggling nature! "I have not more than two words to finish for the printer's devil at my elbow," said the doctor;—"return to her; I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after, her death was announced to him. "I am very sorry, indeed," he observed, "for she was a kind, good woman; I have now, however, time to finish my translation."

Elderly Parity. George Colman, the licenser, it seems is going it again. Some curious anecdotes relative to the excisions the dramatic licenser directed to be made in Mr. Wade's tragedy, are told—the result, as it should seem, of a new code of theology having enlightened the mind of that egregious "gentleman pensioner." What will the clergymen say, when they hear that Mr. Colman rigorously forbids all mention, not merely of "hell," but *heaven*, "to ears polite"? And that, so far from permitting summary condemnation to be called for on stage villains, he will not even allow a blessing to be begged upon their opposites. The hitherto innocent, not to say humble, exclamations of "Heaven bless you!" "Heaven keep your grace!" and so forth are high crimes and misdemeanors in the critical eyes of our censor. The players, who are rather a prostrate set, are thinking of going back to "slices," "bloody," adopted in the time of the Puritans; for swearing in some shape or other, it would seem, is one of the necessities of stage life. It is expected that Mr. Colman will shortly forbid the performance of his own plays. Monthly Mag.

The Earl Coachman. The late leader of the Northern Circuit was employed, some time before he left it, in an action against the proprietors of the Rockingham coach. On the part of the defendant, the coachman was called. His examination in chief being ended, he was subject to the leaders cross-examination. Having held up the fore finger of his right hand at the witness, and warned him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not talk about what he might think the question meant, he proceeded thus: "You drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I do not." "Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?" "No, sir, I did not." "Now, sir, I put it to you once more, upon your oath, do you not drive the Rockingham coach?" "No, sir, I drive the horse!"

Origin of the Hartford Asylum. Miss Alice Cogswell, daughter of the late Dr. Mason F. Cogswell, died a few days since at Hartford, Conn. At an early period in her life she was deprived of her hearing, and of course of the capacity for speaking, by a severe fit of sickness. Her case gave rise to the establishment of the asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, which, by the exertions of her most respectable father was accomplished about 15 years ago. In that seminary she was the first, and one of the most intelligent pupils, displaying very extraordinary powers of mind, and the most eager disposition for improvement. Boston Traveller.

The late Mrs. Jordan. Mrs. Jordan was originally known as Miss Francis. Quarrelling with the English manner, she joined Tate Wilkinson's company at York, where she took the name of Jordan. As I had never heard (says Bernard) that Miss Francis was married, I inquired of Wilkinson the cause, and he replied, "Her name? Why, God bless you, no, boy! I never heard her name; I was her sponsor." "You?" "Yes; when she thought of going to London, she thought Miss sounded magnificent, so she asked me to advise her name: "Why," said I, "my dear, you have raised the water, so I'll call you Joanna;" and he the memory of Sam! if she didn't take my job in earnest, and call herself Mrs. Jordan ever since." This was Tate's story; but as it was told in his usual ambiguous way, my reader may attach what evidence to it he pleases. Bernard's Retrospections.

A pedlar, eighty years old, has lately died, who was the most exact man in Great Britain. Not long since, a traveller stopped at a small inn in Cornwall, and seeing a bird cawing by the fire, he requested to have it served up for his dinner. "You cannot have it, sir," replied the innkeeper; "it is waiting for Mr. Scott." "And he's here waiting for it?" "No, sir; but six months ago he passed this way, and told me to have a bird ready for his dinner today, at two o'clock; and Mr. Scott was never known to fail in any appointment." As he spoke, he looked out of the window, and exclaimed, "here comes Mr. Scott, now I must run out and take his horse."

One Goodspeed lately advertised in Ira, Vt. a lot of Navarino bonnets, the property of a pedlar, who was last seen at G's house. G, soon after absconded, and for some time he was suspected of putting an end to the pedlar's career; but recently a letter has been received at Ira, stating that the pedlar is at Withingham, has no recollection of being murdered, and would be glad to get his bonnets.

MISCELLANY.

THE COUSINS.

A COUNTRY TALE—BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates, and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbors, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as might not unfrequently be found in such places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born, and slenderly educated, who by dint of industry, integrity, tact and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the possession of brick and mortar often observed among those who had accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas and rebuilding firm houses.—The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighborhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom every thing had prospered through life; and in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust prejudice, there was a pretty universal, because sweeping feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by two-penny savings that men get an ill name,) served to ensure his popularity with high and low. Perhaps, even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of every thing striking, clever or original, in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wisest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he did showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never said a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, rapid, laconic, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was, and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the county gentlemen; held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardship, trusts, and agencies managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and purity of tact, but by the circumstance of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conducted in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connexion each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connexion accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the oldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth!

Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed in an elegant morning gown, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, dressed with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full, not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which becometh her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle but still a most striking dignity was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth, in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on color. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently so proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her passing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and belongings, there might have been as much equality in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, and in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing off of the other. There was however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much better in mind as in stature, was full of high purpose and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her undivided talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakespeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher tone to her character and manners, and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a canoness.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed upon her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature, even for his favorite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as already decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business. A choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in a lawyer phrase he used to boast, "an elder

son" of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the country. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet, who had lately been much at the house, and in favor of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made,—the gentleman had gone no further than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long been dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as in all others, man is born to disappointments. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty,—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his promissory relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully, but very firmly declined. The younger man was very much distressed and agitated; "he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!" And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his increased patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had passed, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly among the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuchsia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the country town.

"I hate concerts," said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or speaking to any body, or of any body's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy: "he noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except his guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodworth's reading Milton, and bits of Handel."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of the most thrilling melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music."

"It is a music which neither of you may hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified, "Ungrateful? oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why, really papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand, than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gypsy ran; declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favorite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford?" "undoubtedly," replied Agnes, "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman would refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honorable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unobserved by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favorite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistakes me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining I desired such splendor. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbor. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son in law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may yet be your adopted son, for nothing has happened that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with her destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"No the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you wish to live single with me?"

"Oh father! father!"

"Do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy with her prettiness and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be proud of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

A correspondent informs us that on Wednesday last, as a horse, kept for drawing stones, &c. to the works at the Sunderland pier, was passing along the rail-way, a child of no more than four or five years of age, got directly in the way of the horse, when the animal took it up in his mouth and lifted it off the road.

True Mercury.

The Goods of Life. Speaking of these, Sir Wm. Temple says: the greatest pleasure of life is Love; the greatest treasure is Contentment; the greatest possession is Health; the greatest ruin is Sleep; and the greatest medicine is a true friend.

From Fraser's Magazine for April.
THE SYLLABUB.

"But as I am in the land of the living," continued Mrs. McCrie, "our taupy lass* has a'thegether neglected the syllabub. There it stands, in the pride of its beauty, in the nursery.† Surely I have been carried‡ myself. Doctor, whenever you gae by the hour and five minutes,§ I'm clane done for any mair use that day—I can mind naething."

"Neither can I Mrs. McCrie," observed Mr. Josiah, innocently.

"It's a blessing for you Mr. Josiah," answered the old lady; "if I had minded a' I've heard, I would by this time have been demented.¶"

"Right, my dear," replied the Doctor, "the female is the weaker vessel—a cracked pitcher as a man may say, and in no way fit to be the repository of the wonders of arts and science."

"And yet," retorted Mrs. McCrie, somewhat piqued at the observation, "there are some airts of the whilk ye are as ignorant as a dead hog—saving the comparison."

"And in what, may I be permitted to ask?" answered the Doctor with much solemnity. "In what? You see Mr. Loughew," he added, "I in naewise eschew the inquiry."

"Nae, then, gudeman," exclaimed the old lady, exultingly, "I hae you now on the hip—that is—excuse the expressions, Mr. Josiah, we are plain folk."

"Madam," answered Mr. Flowerdew, "make no apology. The recollections of youth are delightful. I have many warm remembrances of the kind. But pray, Madam, don't let us lose the advantage of knowing in what manner of lore you transcend the Doctor. Pray be so condescending."

"Nay, kind sir," said the old lady, "it's a joke of my own; but as it is connected with that very syllabub that our lass has set before you, I shall ask the Doctor again. Ye that ken the three wonderful things in the world, ye, the four wonderful things and strange, how make ye the syllabub?"

"I ask the lass—"

"Whist Doctor! gin ye begin that gate," interrupted the old lady, "I maun be the expounder of the text myself. So ye see, Mr. Flowerdew."

But before the secret is disclosed, we must inform our readers that there is a certain jug or pipkin of earthenware used in various culinary and detergent purposes in Scotland, called a "pig," and which from the tenacious kind of earth (loam or loam) of which it is composed, goes by the distinctive name of "lame pig," an utensil of which fifty years ago, to have been ignorant would have been a confession of stultification great as if you thought the Red Sea was rubicund.

"Nix, nix," continued Mrs. McCrie, "when I want to make a syllabub—its grand for a cold, or a kittle** in the throat."

"Madam!"

"Yes, its nae doubt of healing virtue," observed the Doctor, "medicinal in all matters, thoracic and if I may use the expression; and, Mr. Flowerdew, it has the advantage of being divertive and jocund in the swallow. Sir, I hold in utter execration your sennas and globulars; the latter are, of a certy, an abomination before the Lord. I ance had a dose thereof—gin I live in the age of Methusalem, the day will be to me like yestreen; they took a good forty minutes to chow; my side was cummuring like a doos in a dookit.† It was most special unsavory, Mr. Sourscrew."

"So," continued the old lady, after an impatient pause, "I send to the market, and our Bell brings me a lame pig?"

"But why a lame pig?"

"Why a lame pig, sir? what why no? Sir, naething but a lame pig will answer the purpose!"

"I ery your mercy; my good lady."

"So our Bell brings me a lame pig. I aye tell our lass, (she has been wi' us thirteen years come Martinmas; she is the O! of her granlither, as the Doctor says, when he is facetious,) to pick out a eleuthane.‡"

"Very right," said Mr. Josiah, "But I am afraid you would have little choice in that respect."

"Ye are wrang Mr. Cowerscrew," said the Doctor, "they are aye weel washed outside and in."

"Oh, Doctor, no joking; this is a serious matter."

"Nae, there's no joking," observed the old lady. "They are weel scraped wi' a heather rime.¶§"

"A what, madam?"

"A nivefu* o' heather, wi' the whilk you get even to the most extreme corner of the concern."

"No doubt, Madam, if you are permitted."

"Permitted, Mr. Josiah! and gin I buy a pig, may I no do what I chuse wi' it? or wi' any ither face of clay for which I give ready coinzie?† Ye hae, sir, great character in England for cleanliness; and I am sure that Mrs. Flowerdew never has a pig in her aught; but she wa-hae it inside and out, as clean as the driven snow."

"Nay, in that," said Mrs. Flowerdew, "I can assure you, you are mistaken. Before the pigs reach us—"

"Weel, weel: other folks do it, and that is the same thing. So, when Bell comes hame, I says, hand me down the can with the virgin honey, and drap the twa dessert spoonfuls in to the pig's mouth.‡"

"Into his mouth, madam?"

"Ay, to be sure, sir: where would you have me put it? a pig's mouth was not given to it for naething, or jelly will do as well. Nae, I've tried your large bergamot preserved pear; but whiles the pig's neck is no that wide to admit of a pear of size, and its fashion's squeezing it in."

"No doubt, madam, and dangerous."

"Yes, gin the neck break; but when ye mell and meddle wi' pigs, ye maun mind ye deal wi' slippery gear."

"Very true, madam."

"Weel, then, my lass carries the pig to the cow, and there she gently milks a pint and a half of warm milk in upon the honey, or jelly, or pear, as it may be."

"Into the pig, madam?"

"Ay into the mouth o't. Surely that's nae a kittle** matter?"

"Now, madam, as I am an ordinary sinner, that is an operation that would puzzle all Lancashire. Into the mouth?"

"Weel! I'm astounded at you, sir; is there any mystery or sorcery in Bell hauding a pig wi' the tae hand, and milking a cow with the tither?"

"I really, madam, in my innocence of heart, thought that the pig might hae run."

"Run o'er? Na doubt, so it wud; gin ye filled it o'er wi'."

"Of itself, madam?"

"Sir, Dear Sir, you speak as if the pig could walk!"

"I beg you a thousand pardons, madam, I truly forgot the milk and jelly. It would be extraordinary if it could."

"Very, Sir. So the lass brings me my lame pig."

"Ah, that's another reason. Well, may I be drawn to a thread if I could divine why you preferred a lame pig?"

"Ye needna going to Rome to learn that; a lame pig is aye fendiest.†† So I begin to steer and steer the milk and jelly."

"Steer and steer, madam?"

"Ay, mix a' weel up together."

"And may I entreat to know with what you stir it?"

"Wi' a spoon to be sure; ye wadna hae me to do it wi' my fingers?"

"Goodness forbid, madam! I would use, if ever employed in the manner you mention, a spoon with a most respectfully long handle."

"It's better of length, certainly sir. Naething can escape you then. Weel, the next thing we do is, to gently put the pig afore the fire to simmer."

"To simmer?"

"Yes, sir, and there stand or it reels again.‡ But you must not let it get o'er het, it would burn the milk."

"And the pig too, madam?"

"Oh! that's naething. We dinna fash ourselves wi' the pig. What were they made for?"

"Why, truly madam, I thought until this day, that I knew something of their history, but I find I have been wolly ignorant."

"We canna reach perfection at once, as our gude man says, (who by the bye, is, and has been this last half hour, as sound as a tap.) And so, after the pig has shimmered and simmered, ye in wi' the spoon again."

"Again, madam?"

"Ay, Sir; ye wadna hae it all in a mess at the bottom?"

"Far from it, madam, as far as possible."

"So ye maun gae it anther stir or twa, till it sings."

"Sings, madam? And does the pig make no other noise during all this operation?"

"Scare any other, gin it's a good pig; but all depends on that. I've seen a lame pig, that, afore the heat had touched its sides a matter of five minutes, would gane off with a crack."

"I don't wonder at that in the least, madam."

* Nivefu, handful. † Coinzie, cash.

‡ In her aught, in her possession.

§ Whiles sometimes.

¶ Fashionous, troublesome.

** Kittle, difficult. †† Fendiest, handiest.

‡ Or it reels again, till it smokes again.

§ Fash, trouble.

"You would wonder if your English pigs had half the value of the Scotch."

"Possibly, madam."

"Of a verity," continued Mrs. McCrie, "there was a pig played me once a most mischancy trick. You see, I expected a party of our Presbtery to dinner, and I had sent our Bell out for the most capacious pig she could grip; and I had poured in the quantum suff, as the mediciners say, of het milk on the gooseberries, (I was making a grosset posset) and a' went weel, but when I thought it was done to a' hair, out lap a het aizie;* our Bell (the hezzey!) sprang to the tae side, the pig gaud the tither—a' was ruined."

"And the poor pig, what become of it?"

"Puir, indeed! it wasna worth the minding; its head was dung in,† and dat gat a sma' fracture on the side; but as it was bonny in its color, and genty in its mak, Bell synded it out in clear water, then rubbed it up wi' a duster, and clapped it on the shelf in the kitchen, where it lies to this blessed day, in peace and quiet, as I may say. In my opinion, Sir, the pig hadna been rightly made."

"Not rightly made, madam?"

"Not rightly made, Sir. You look surprised. Think you any body can make a pig?"

"Far from it, madam."

"It would sarely fash you and me, I'm jealousing,§ Mr. Flowerdew."

"Admitted, madam. But my dear Mrs. McCrie, I have just one other thing to ask.—You have told me (here Josiah gave a shudder) "how the milk and honey gets in. Now, madam, may I be allowed to ask how you get the syllabub out?"

"How we get it out? Dear Sir, you surprise me! Just the way we put it in. How would you get it out? Sure there's no magic in that?"

"Nay, madam, I don't pretend to venture upon any speculations on the subject. There are many reasons, no doubt, why the pig would easier let it out than in; and I am quite willing to prefer the mouth. But after it is out, pray, madam, do you also eat the pig?"

"H's, ha! Weel, that's gude. Sir, the pig is as hard as stone."

"Madam, you are right; I had forgot the frying. But as to the milk and jelly, or the bergamot pear, after the pig's, for whose intestines are they devoted?"

"Sir?"

"Pray, madam, who devours that?" pointing with his finger to the horrid potion before him.

"You, if you will do me that honor?"

"Me, madam! Me! Good night, madam. Pray don't waken the Doctor. I am particularly engaged. Nay, madam, not a morsel! (I would as soon bolt on a barbauced toad, or mouth a curried hedgehog) I do entreat you to keep it for the next Presbtery. If they resemble our clergy in the South, they are more familiar with pigs than I am. "Well, well!" Mr. Flowerdew was heard to exclaim, as he, in a manner, tumbled down in his haste, from top to bottom of the stairs, "I have often heard that the Scotch were dity; but, by all the stripes in a yard of gingham, they are born barbarians!"

"Mr. Dourstew," exclaimed the Doctor, awakening, "where are you? Here's my wife with the syllabub. Where are you, Mr. Mourseew?"

"I'm off!" answered Mr. Josiah, and it is said by his friends, that during a long life of some seventy years, to persuasion could induce him ever again to visit Edinburgh.—"The lame pig," he would mutter to himself, "the jelly and the milk! Heaven save me from such a calamity!"

A GEORGIA CRACKER.

The following is from a correspondent of the Boston Courier. The scene is laid in Alabama:—

A stage load of passengers, of whom your correspondent was one, was accidentally detained at Montgomery during the annual races. The town was crowded with people, and curiosity, but the most remarkable of both was a stout Georgian and his companions, a negro and a young white man. He was of the class usually denominated, I believe in Georgia as well as in the neighboring States, Crackers. When first observed Mr. Cracker, as we will call him, though not for want of his real name, had a bedevil round the neck of the junior white man, by which he led him through the streets declaring his grievances and swearing most lustily that he would hang his prisoner. It was gathered that the prisoner was a brother in law of Mr. Cracker, and that he had decamped with a negro belonging to Mr. C. thereby putting Mr. C. to the trouble of travelling a hundred miles and calling out a sheriff with his posse. The prisoner showed no disposition to rebel; but confessed his guilt and appeared resigned to the treatment he received from his kind relative. Several people endeavored to raise his spirits and had been disposed to show fight, a scuffle would have ensued, which would certainly have resulted in his liberation. It was represented to him that he would suffer under the law if he was carried to Georgia, but he was too desponding to lead in the fracas which seemed to be in embryo. "Do you want to be hanged?" said one

impatiently. "I'd as lief be hung as not after the fix I'm in," replied the patient youth. "Then be hanged, and be d—d," said the compassionate bystander. Mr. Cracker carried his prisoner to a blacksmith, where he procured two iron collars, and handcuffs, and when he next made his appearance he had the white and black attached to each other by the most enduring ties. A heavy chain about a yard in length, passed from one neck to the other; and a chain about the same length fastened them again by their wrists—so that, like the Siamese boys, the volition of one, only, was necessary to the down-sitting or upstanding of both. In this "fix," as the Alabama people say, he led them to the first public house in the place, and kept them in the public room all the evening, and I presume all night. In the morning it appeared that his midnight meditations had not improved the patience of the white prisoner. He even offered to commit suicide, and asked for a "tool," which of course, was not furnished. The people in the house, however, seemed to think the matter had gone far enough, and expressed their determination to have the white man released, from the negro at all events, and entirely, unless a warrant was produced for his apprehension. Mr. Cracker acquiesced with the utmost politeness, in what was said of the impropriety of his brother's connexion, and expressed the utmost willingness and even anxiety to release him, provided he (Mr. C.) could be satisfied that it was correct so to do. He had taken the man without law, as he acknowledged, but his conscience seemed to stick upon this as a point of equity. His discourse, as he heard about a hundred other speakers may be thus reported—"I am a republican, by G—; I always was a republican, and always mean to be, by G—; I'm a true republican; no man's more so. I always want to do what's right. I'll take the voice of the people, by G—; he's my wife's brother, didn't I raise the boy? I'll do a heap more correct by him than you think. I give seven hundred dollars for that nigger, let soine, by G—. It's cost me more than a hundred dollars to take them," &c. &c. &c. He was held to his promise, the voice of the assembly was taken, the boy liberated unanimously, and a blacksmith, after a quarter of an hour's work, succeeded in removing the collar and handcuffs. This being done, Mr. Cracker himself, seemed somewhat mollified, and in praise of his brother, observed, "I only wished to mortify him. It's the first particular transaction he ever done," and soon after observed with a sigh, "conscience is a heap the heaviest load a man ever takes!" Soon after the released prisoner mounted his horse and started for Arkansas, and the Cracker mounted his, and went off the other way. The next day I passed him on the road, chatting with his slave, who bore his chains like a tragedy hero. Whether such scenes are common or not, is more than I can say, but any person curious to be informed can visit the same town during the races.

- Fight between two Tigers and a Lion in the Tower.—Between eleven and twelve o'clock yesterday morning, as the man whose duty it is to clean the wild beasts at the Tower, was in the execution of that office, he inadvertently raised a door in the upper tier of cells, which separated the den of a huge lion from one in which there were a Bengal royal tiger and tigress. At sight of each other the eyes of the animals sparkled with rage. The lion instantly erected his mane, and, with a tremendous roar, sprang at the tiger. The tiger was equally eager for the combat, and, in a paroxysm of fury, flew at his assailant, whilst the tigress fiercely seconded her mate. The roaring and yelling of the combatants resounded through the yards, and excited in all the various animals the most lively demonstrations of fear and rage. The timid tribes shivered with dread, and ran round their cages shrieking with terror, whilst the other lions and tigers, with the bears, leopards, panthers, wolves, and hyenas, flew round their dens, shaking the bars with their utmost strength, and uttering the most terrific cries. The lion fought most bravely, but was evidently overmatched, having to contend with two adversaries not more than a year from the woods, whilst he was upwards of seven years in confinement. Still the battle raged with doubtful success, until the tigress seized the lion by the throat, and flung him on his back, which after rolling over each other several times, the exasperated tigress pinned her enemy against the veranda. In that situation the pre-terate lord of the forest still struggled with an indomitable spirit, roaring with agony and rage. By this time, however, some iron rods had been heated, the red hot ends of which were now applied to the mouths and nostrils of the infuriated tiger, who were by this means forced to relinquish their grasp; but no sooner was the separation effected than the lion and tiger seized in their mouths, the one the upper, and the other the lower jaw of his antagonist, biting and tugging at each other with deadly fury. So excited was their animosity, that it was with great difficulty, by the insertion into their nostrils of the glowing iron, they could be disengaged, and the lion driven back to his cell, the door of which was instantly closed upon him. The battle lasted full half an hour. The tiger in the last onset lost one of his tusks, but the poor lion was very severely punished.

London Morning Herald.

A Poor fellow who had been deprived of his nose in an affray, answered, very emphatically, those who were tendering their pity, that as he had been an extravagant snuff taker, he was sure he should "gain by the loss!"

* Taupy, awkward, careless.
† Aunty, housekeeper's press.
‡ Carried, crazy, light-headed.
§ Gae by the hour and five minutes; preach longer than the hour and five minutes.
¶ Demented, deranged.
§ That gate, in that way.
** Kitting, tickling.
†† Cummuring, like doos in a dookit, cooing like pigeons in a pigeon house.
‡ O, grandchild. § Ringe, syringe.

* Het aizie, hot tinder. † Dungen, driven in.
‡ Synded, washed. § Jealousing, thinking.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 22, 1831.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A JACK-KNIFE.

I shall not here attempt to relate my origin or trace my pedigree; though I shrewdly conjecture that I was born in one of the workshops in Old England, and that my ancestors were a hardy iron-sided race, full of bone and sinew, and endowed with hearts of steel. They were also, if I mistake not, a very bright sharp race, and possessed of a keen and cutting humor.

As for myself, I was formed, as the good old lady said of her axe, out of nation good iron; and after due grinding and polishing, was pronounced fit to assume my station among my fellow jack-knives in this busy bustling world.

Like many other characters, who are no sharper than myself, I felt a disposition to cut my way to eminence and immortality. It is true I could not expect, like a razor, to travel over the "human face divine;" or like a carving knife, to make my way through luscious rounds and sirloins of beef; or like the sword, to mow off men's heads like so many clover-tops. Mine was an humbler lot, and I was destined to be wielded by an humbler hand. And I declared cannot to this day boast of ever having risen above the dignity of paring turnips, cutting down saplings for ox-goads, making figure 4's for the destruction of rats, and whittling and notching the writing benches at school. The only living flesh I ever had the honor of cutting, was a boy's fingers or a pig's tail; and the only instances of carving in which I was ever employed were those of a chunk of cold pork or frozen hasty-pudding.

But I am getting rather before my story. I should mention that my first rise in the world, was to the shelf of a dealer in hardware and cutlery. Here I was promoted to the honor of being the show knife of a package. For what reason I was preferred before my fellows, to this important station, I never could exactly make out. But whatever was the cause of this promotion, it did not tend in the least to my advancement in the world. My fellows of the same package went off, one after the other, while new and bright, and I was left to rust by exposure to the atmosphere, by opening and shutting, and especially by being breathed upon to see if I was possessed of a good temper. This silly criterion is very commonly resorted to among the vulgar, who are not aware that the signs they go by are altogether dependent upon the temperature of the blade. This ignorance of their operated to my detriment, for being more exposed than my fellows to the cold air, the breath would recede more slowly from my blade, and I was therefore pronounced of a very dull disposition.

With all these disadvantages, however, I at last found a market, being purchased at half price—seeing I was the last—by a countryman, who had promised a jack-knife to his second son, as a reward for his proficiency at school—he being pronounced by the unanimous vote of his father, a nation bright boy. To take the rust out of my joints, I was oiled with a feather dipped in a bottle of goose-grease, and wrought upon, until I would open and shut with a click, and was declared to have a "damnation smart spring." I thought myself sharp enough in all conscience; but it seems my owner entertained a different opinion, for he held my nose to the grindstone, then applied me to the bone, and lastly to what he called a "leather whetstone," until I was pronounced to be as sharp as a razor.

If the youngster thought me sharp merely by the judgment of the eye, he was not long in having his opinion confirmed by the sense of feeling. For as he was whittling a stick with vast satisfaction, he cut the fore finger of his left hand nearly to the bone. "Damnation take the jack-knife!" said he, and threw me from one end of the room to the other. Then shaking his hand and flinging about the blood in all directions, he ran howling to his mother, who being a woman of extraordinary parts, exclaimed—"Ah, I told you so! I knew you would cut your fingers the moment I seed you have the knife." This was cold comfort to be sure, and had it not been for the application of some sugar and butter to staunch the blood, and a rag to bind up the wound, I verily believe the stout-hearted lad would have cried his eyes out.

This cured him, at least for one while, of his propensity for whittling; and though he picked me up and put me in his pocket, he never afterwards entertained a good opinion of me. Indeed he embraced the first opportunity to trade me off, which he did by swapping me, in time of school, for a bat-ball, Tom Thumb's Fello, and The

House that Jack Built. This negotiation being contrary to the laws of school, he and his fellow bargainer were called up by the master, and sentenced to stand for half an hour in the middle of the room, with a split stick on the end of their noses; and myself, together with the bat-ball, Tom Thumb's Fello, and The House that Jack Built, was adjudged to be forfeited, at least till after school hours; and thus I had the honor once in my life of getting into the pocket of a pedagogue. We were released at the close of the day, and I was carried home by my new owner.

Though this last was not so unlucky as to cut his own fingers, he did what he regretted quite as much, for he broke off my blade close to my handle, in attempting to pry open a box in which he had nailed up a half peck of walnuts. "Rot the knife!" exclaimed he, "it's brittle as a pipe-stem. But no matter, I cheated the feller like he hang-ed, when I swapped for it." Thus consoling himself for the accident by reflecting how 'cutely he had overreached his school fellow, he coolly put me—that is to say, all that was left of me—into his trowsers pocket, with the charitable design of cheating the first boy he met. He was not long in want of an opportunity. "How will you swap knives unsight, unseent?" said he to another lad as cute as himself. "For six-pence to boot," replied the other. "It's a bargain!" said my owner, supposing of course the other's was a whole one, and that therefore he could not be a loser in the trade. But he soon found to his cost that he had bartered me and his sixpence for nothing but the handle of a Barlow penknife, the horn of which was broken from one side.

I was several times swapped off during my mutilated state. At last falling into the hands of a trapper, he took me to a blacksmith's to be repaired, observing that with a good blade, I should make "a real knife, to skin mush-squash with." I was soon provided with a new blade, but the trapper declared I was "too dam soft" for his use, and gave me to his wife, to pair "ingyuns" with; in which employment still failing for lack of "grit," I was thrown about the house until a part of my handle was broken off, when not deeming it worth while to repair me, I was in that condition considered fit only to be given to the ugliest man. And here commenced the most active portion of my life, at least so far as frequent transfers and rapid travel may be set down to the account of activity.

The trapper was by no means a beauty; and that circumstance probably made him the more desirous of discovering some face more homely than his own. He was at length successful, and whipping me out, he handed me without ceremony to his superior in ugliness. "What does all this mean?" said the dunce, with an angry stare.

"You're entitled to it," replied the trapper, "for I'll be squeezed to death if you ain't the ugliest man of the two."

"If that's your opinion, I'll soon give you cause to change it," said the other; and hitting the trapper a dig in the peeper, he put him, at least for that time, on a par with himself in point of ill looks.

My new master, according to the custom in such cases, was now busy in looking about for some fellow made by a still more bungling of "nature's journeymen." The specimen he hit upon was a squinting barber, who, besides such a diversity of vision that he seemed to be looking out for one customer while he was shaving another, had a nose like a Spanish potato, and a mouth ugly enough to keep it company.

"By heaven!" said my master, with great glee, as soon as he set eyes upon him, "there is my man," and hauling me out, he said with a low bow, "Here, Mister, take the jack-knife; and if ever a man was richly entitled to any thing you are to this—for without flattery, you are the homeliest man I ever set eyes on!" The barber accepted of me, as in etiquette bound; but with a look, as much as to say, "I wish I had the shaving of you once, my sweet fellow! if I didn't make you look castfully, then may I have my throat cut."

I was thus transferred from one ugly man to another, and had an opportunity to learn, what I could not possibly have suspected, how many ugly fellows there are in the world. But amongst all into whose hands I had the honor of passing, I do not recollect one who was pleased with the gift; on the contrary, most of them were as impatient to get rid of me as a spendthrift is of his last shilling—such pleasure do people take in finding one more unfortunate than themselves.

The last hands into which I came were those of a Doctor of Divinity, who, whether considering it hopeless to find his superior in deformity of the outward man, or whether considering it beneath the divinity of his cloth to pass me further, gave me to his wife, by whom I have now the honor to be employed in scraping her corns.—

Whether I am to end my days thus, or what new changes await me, I am not sharp enough to foresee. In the mean time, while blade and handle stick together, I thought I could not be better employed than in giving to the world these memoirs of my life.

CAUSE OF THE FIRST MURDER. We are informed in sacred history, that Cain slew Abel because of the preference shown to the sacrifice of the latter. But we are not informed of the reason for that preference. An Oriental tradition, however, supplies this defect, and informs us, "that Cain and Abel having each of them a twin sister, as soon as they all became marriageable, Adam proposed to them, that Cain should marry the twin sister of Abel, and Abel the twin sister of Cain; alleging as his reason for this proposal, that as their circumstances obliged them to marry their sisters, it was proper that they should marry those that were seemingly the least related to them. To this proposal Cain would not agree, and insisted on having his own twin sister, because she was fairer than the other. Adam, displeased at his disobedience, referred the dispute to the decision of the Lord; ordered his sons to bring each an offering before him; and told them that the offering which had the preference, would be a declaration in favor of him who presented it. On the offerings being brought, and that of Abel accepted, Cain, stimulated by jealousy and resentment, as soon as they came down from the Mount where they had been sacrificing, fell upon his brother and slew him."

A FALSE SIGN. It is no small misfortune to a man to have a red face, even though he do not come dishonorably by it; for nobody will believe that the inside is satisfied with pure water, where the outside exhibits so palpable a sign of the use of some more stimulating beverage. A gentleman at dinner, on board one of the North River boats, was urged by a fellow passenger, who sat opposite, to take some brandy, or other spirituous liquor. The man declined, and said that he was not in the habit of drinking any thing stronger than cold water. The other observing that he had a very red face, and especially that his nose was richly studded with carbuncles, was rather surprised at the refusal, and particularly at the assertion, that he made no use of strong liquors. "Do you pretend to say," said he, "that you are not in the habit of taking brandy or any other ardent spirits?" "I certainly do," replied the gentleman with the rubicund visage. "Then I beg of you," said the merciless wag, "to haul in your sign."

RECTOR WIT. In the township of New Milford, Ct., is a sandy plain, called, on account of its barrenness, by the expressive name of Finch-Gut plain. Through this plain ran a small stream, and on this stream one Solomon Hill had erected a mill for grinding corn. But by one of those unlucky chances, by which the best human calculations are disappointed, the faithless stream changed its course, so that poor Solomon's mill was left more than a mile from any water. This circumstance afforded an opportunity to some hoe-handle wit to display his humor, and at the same time give the world a specimen of his talents at poetry. The following was found written with chalk over the mill door:

"Solomon Hill, he built a mill,
On Finch-Gut sandy plain;
There was no water, in a mile and a quarter,
Unless there come a rain."

STRIKING A SCHOOLMASTER. The Massachusetts Spy mentions that a young man in Spencer, by the name of Morris Livermore, has been fined, and bound over to keep the peace, for striking his teacher. Being unable to find sureties, he was committed to jail. This is as it should be. We hope the authority of teachers will at length be established on the right basis. It has been too much the case, that if the pupil happened to be stronger than the master, there was no practicable mode of enforcing obedience.

A DEFECT ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. An Irishman a while ago, fell into a dispute with General Root, on the subject of capital punishment. It was opposed by the General, and supported by the Irishman. Amongst other arguments in its favor, Patrick quoted Scripture, to which the General replied, by asking why God did not hang up Cain. "Why, and so he would," rejoined the Irishman, "but the reason he didn't do it was, that Cain run away from him."

"TOOTHACHE AND GOOD." A dear lover of whiskey, in Ohio, lately suffered a dentist to pull a sound tooth, which he sold to him for sixty cents, and got drunk on the money!

THE SNOW. Of the very respectable snow storm which visited us a few days, since we need say nothing, for every body knows as much about it as we do, and most of them a great deal more. So far from furnishing an item of news wherewith to astonish, delight, and regale our readers, it has kept us from many a precious morsel, by depriving us of the regular mails, some seven or eight of which have been wanting at one time. Those papers, which we have been so fortunate to obtain, give a dolorous account of the late storm, and some of those from the South, go so far as to say nothing like it has happened since the year 1661. But we dare say very few of them remember so long.

PARK THEATRE. A new piece has been brought out at the Park, called *THE WRECK ASHORE*. It is by the author of *The Bold Dragoons*; but as a play does not equal the latter. The scenery, however, is very fine, the representation of snow, in the winter view, being so effective as almost to make one shudder with the cold, and set him, like some of the characters in the piece, to thrashing his hands and striking his feet together to keep them warm.

MODESTY OF COBBETT. William Cobbett, elated with his success in raising Swedish Turnips and Indian corn, has written to the King of England, offering his services as Prime Minister, in which office he modestly thinks he could save the nation.

NEW COINAGE. A member of the Massachusetts Legislature, says the Boston Palladium, "has given a new word to the American language, viz. 'PHILLOWRIZING,' to indicate nocturnal reflections." This must go into Noah Webster's next edition, along with Gov. Lincoln's "CONPORATORS," and the Rev. Mr. Cox's "DECLINATURE."

CENSUS OF MAINE. The whole number of inhabitants in Maine, by the last census is 329,385. In 1820 it was 257,839; increase, 101,546. Of the whole population, only 1211 are blacks,—this is not a very dark account, being but little more than three blacks to a thousand.

ENCOURAGING TO CONGRESS MEMBERS. An inn-keeper in Washington advertises board, fire, &c. every thing of the very best kind, for seven dollars per week. Who would not go to Congress at eight dollars per day?

SLANDER OF OMISSION. The printer's devil of a Massachusetts paper, has slandered the editor of the Catskill Recorder, by maliciously omitting the *c* in the word factions, thereby rendering the said editor, *factions* instead of *factions*.

MULTIPLICATION OF MECHANICS. John Neal, in a lecture lately delivered at Portland, before the Mechanic Association, says that the mechanics and their families constitute more than seven millions of the free people of this country!

"No more Religion than a Horse"

This is a very common expression, applied to such persons as are supposed to be destitute of all grace. But we shall see, presently, that, in relation to at least one horse, the comparison would have been decidedly injurious to the quadruped.

A few years since, at a meeting of the ministers and elders of the Presbyterian church at Hartford, the members, with uncommon liberality, (for that sect,) gave a general invitation to the preachers of other denominations to attend. Among the rest came an Episcopal clergyman, by the name of J—. At the public house, where he put up, he inquired of Boniface if he had good accommodations for horses. "O yes," said he; "we have excellent accommodations for the horses of Presbyterians—such as good English hay, oats and the like; but to those of the Baptists, Methodists, and Episcopalians, we merely give hog hay, which we think is quite good enough for them." "For myself," said the clergyman, "I profess to be an Episcopalian; but in duty to my horse, I must say, he's a true blue Presbyterian, and I beg he may be looked to accordingly."

WEAKNESS OF PERSONAL ABUSE. Personal abuse, in a controversy, shows the weakness, either of one's cause, or of his ability to manage it. Because he cannot rebut the arguments, or meet the wit of his antagonist, he attacks his person. Hence it is that we meet with so much personal abuse in the newspapers, and so little of editorial courtesy.

JONATHAN JENKS.

JONATHAN JENKS was one of that large class in New-England, that support themselves two-thirds of the year by the labor of their hands, and the other third by the exercise of their brains—

who are farmers in summer and pedagogues in winter. This alternation of employments is admirably adapted to the condition of country school-masters, inasmuch as their intellectual parts, which are apt to become jaded in a literary race of three or four months, have ample time to rest during the season of agriculture.

Jonathan exhibited early symptoms of a talent for instruction, so that some supposed he inherited it, in the same way that certain diseases are often heir-looms in a family. But of this we can discover no proof, except that he was descended on the maternal side—not legitimately however—from one Ichabod Crane, who early emigrated to the State of New-York, and there became eminent as a teacher.

While yet a boy, Jonathan would sit patiently for hours, of a hot afternoon in fly-time, enthroned on a milking-stool in the centre of a lofty dung-hill, and lecture to the edification of his barn-yard audience. Sometimes a weary cow would repose at his feet, and ruminate on his mysterious discourse;—at others, the simple sheep would flock round him at as great a loss to divine his meaning, as were the ancients that repaired to the oracles, to understand their ambiguous expressions. But in process of time, Jonathan grew tired of this new system of instruction—the cattle were too intent on gratifying their animal appetites to give regular attention when their master held forth—his feathered pupils—the geese—not unfrequently testified their respect for his authority by hissing in his face—and a rebellious ram, on whom he undertook to inflict a flagellation, gave him a blow on the head, that had well nigh deprived the world of its future services.

Tradition says that the next development of Jonathan's genius was in the mathematics. The bellows and checker-board first betrayed marks in chalk of his progress in the mysteries of addition and subtraction—and next the great barn-door was covered with figures, by which he proved that the price of a hundred pumpkins at a penny a piece, amounted to a hundred pennies. By this last performance, his mother was impressed with so exalted an opinion of his skill in figures, that she had little difficulty in prevailing on his father to give their son a liberal education. Accordingly he was sent to an academy, where after remaining one whole quarter, he was examined as to his qualifications, and pronounced fully competent to teach all the branches, that were required by law to be taught in the public schools of the day.

Jonathan now mounted a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles and carried a portentous looking walking-stick. With such recommendations as these, backed by the certificate of his acquirements, he had little difficulty in finding a market for his professional services. The first scene of his labors, was a small village at some distance from his own—for Jonathan had wit enough to know that a school master, no less than a prophet, is not without honor except in his own country. And now Jonathan had reached the topmost round on the ladder of his ambition—he had risen to that exalted station, which is inferior in dignity and importance only to that of the minister. Wherever he came his ears were saluted with the title of "master," and his presence was honored with the highest testimonials of respect. Nothing, in short, was wanting to increase his distinction. He was invited from house to house—parties and suppers were given on his account—and poor indeed was the family that did not prepare something choice for his entertainment.

But it was among the girls, however, that Jonathan Jenks bestowed the most of his attentions—by associating with them he hoped to wear off a certain rustic bashfulness, which threatened to be an impediment to his becoming a great man. We need not relate the various little arts which he practised to win their affections—suffice it to say, that each and all of his patrons' daughters fondly believed she had captivated the heart of the master. But there was one in particular who thought she had stronger claims than any to the prize.—This was no less a personage than the daughter of his hostess—a stout buxom lass who fastened herself on his company whenever he went to church or sleigh riding.

About this time Jonathan received an invitation to attend a dance at a neighboring town. Bouncing Betsy—for that was the name by which his hostess' daughter was called—was to be of the party, and as Bet knew the road and Jonathan did not, she considered it a fair pretext for inviting herself to a seat in the same sleigh with him. They succeeded in reaching the house by snow-down, with no other accident than the upsetting of Betsy in a snow-drift, for which she promised herself satisfaction before the frolic was over. Jonathan, however, laughing in his sleeve at the joke, ushered his fair partner into the

room, where the company was already assembled. On the hearth was crackling a rousing fire, round which were seated the musicians, giving notes of dreadful preparation. There were the fiddle, the bass-viol and the clarinet—the first wanting its compliment of cat-gut—the second by being cracked, somewhat gruff in its tones, and the last either hoarse with a cold or asthmatic by age or infirmity—each and all laboring under some calamity which would have driven a Handel or a Hayden to the mad-house—yet no sooner had they struck up the tune, than the dance was begun with as right good-will and alacrity, as though these distinguished performers had been playing for the occasion.

Reader, was ever you at a country dance, or a dance in the country? If not, we must give you an idea of it—though we would advise you to steal off into the country before the good sleighing is over, and witness and participate in it yourself. Know then, that in the country such dances as cotillions, waltzes and quadrilles, are seldom if ever practised. To understand these requires more study than suits the taste of the country belles and beaux—there is too much head-work and not enough heel-work for them. We ourselves once made the experiment to introduce the cotillon at a country ball. Having marshalled the company into octaves and initiated them, as far as practicable, into the mysteries of the figure, we gave the signal for commencing.—In a few moments, one got wrong—and then another,—and another—till the whole room was in confusion, and we were glad to make our peace with those on whom we were accused of practising, by treating the more disaffected to a glass of something to drink.

But you never was at a country-dance, and are impatient, perhaps, to be let into its description.—Well then, the company is no sooner assembled than cards are distributed among the belles which are numbered to correspond with those given to the beaux. The drawing then commences. A manager steps forth into the middle of the room and announces "No. 1. Gentleman," and "No. 1. Lady"—and so on till the numbers are exhausted. The couples take their places in the order they are called, forming a double line from one end of the hall to the other. The greater the length of the hall-room, the longer, of course, is the dance; for there is no cessation till each couple has led down once at least. It is considered, indeed, a great feat to "dance down" a partner—that is, to tire one out so that he is forced to quit the dance. The tavern ball-room is accordingly made long and narrow—somewhat on the proportions of a yard-stick—so as to give full scope to this operation.

On the present occasion, however, as the ball-room was somewhat scanty in its dimensions, the dance was led down a long entry or passage-way. Jonathan had thus far acquitted himself to his entire satisfaction—he had ployed his feet most nimbly and though the sweat streamed off his face, he had avoided the mortification of being "danced down." He now stood up for a new dance and Bouncing Betsy for his partner. When it came their turn to lead down, she seized his hands with a hearty grip and crying out to the musicians to play faster, whirled him along with the rapidity of a steam-boat. Jonathan, to use a sailor's phrase, was now under weigh at the rate of ten knots an hour. Away he went, borne by his partner like another Mazeppa on a wild horse, away—away—away.

The foot of the passage, which terminated the dance, was now nearly reached and Jonathan congratulated himself on the prospect of a short respite from his fatigue. But his partner still urged her course with unabated ardor—round and round she whirled him, as though he was a mere man of straw. Suddenly, however, he was carried by the centrifugal force of his motion against a door at the foot of the entry—it flew open and he fell—he knew not whither. On recovering, he found himself upon a heap of potatoes, with the huge mass of Bouncing Betsy piled upon him.—The noise of the fall brought the whole company to the spot. Betsy was picked up, with no other injury than the disarrangement of her dress, and the honor was duly conferred upon her of having "danced down" the master. As for Jonathan—poor fellow!—when he found his way out of the cellar he stole off alone in his sleigh, leaving his fair partner to find her way home as she could.—So great was his mortification, that he threw up his school, and for the rest of the winter took to shoemaking in his native village. D.

Royal Condescension. It was lately announced by a St. Petersburg Journal, that "His Majesty was graciously pleased, during his stay at Warsaw, to enjoy excellent health."

COMMUNICATIONS.

LINES TO AN INFANT.

I look upon thy half shut eyes
And on thy tranquil brow,
Where no dark shade of sorrow lies
To dim thy spirit now.
And as I view thy quiet rest
So gentle, yet so deep,
I fain would know what visions blest
Are hovering round thy sleep.
Of the frail joys of this short life,
Its pleasures, or its wo,
Of earthly hope or human strife
Thy spirit may not know.

The visions of some brighter sphere
Must rise before thy view;
For with the scenes that greet thee here
Thou yet hast nought to do.

But as the tide of years shall flow,
Thou wilt it ever be?
Will no fond hopes before thee glow?
No pleasure smile for thee?

And that young heart, so happy now,
Will no dim shade of care,
That stain which clings to all below,
Disturb its visions fair?

I may not know,—I cannot view
The path that thou must tread,
Nor gaze the mazy vista through
Before thee darkly spread.

I may not know what light may pour
Its glory round thy ways,
Or what dark clouds of grief may lower
To shade thy coming days.

But I would pray, fair slumbering boy!
That thou may'st be as now,
Thy mother's pride, thy father's joy,
Their fondest hope below.

May all thy days forever be
Sweet as the breath of morn;
Be all life's roses offered thee,
Without one piercing thorn!

May earth's best blessings on thee rest,
To thee may peace be given;
And be thy every moment blest
With all the smiles of Heaven!

FIFTY OF THE MISERIES INCIDENT TO HUMANITY.

A hungry creditor—a tergiversant wife—an ungrateful child—a cold bed in winter—a stony road with shoes pinching your corns—a dyspeptic stomach—a squeamish coquette—sawing on a violin when you are nervous—a high pressure mountebank—a starveling pettifogger—a spiritual confessor—an ignorant fanatic—may-weed tea when you are sick—sour cider day after new year's—a leaden-brained pedant—an infuriated woman—mail-carriers of innuendos and gossip—bores and lionisers—a true-blood cockney—a yelping dog when you want to sleep—mud and snow together in November—a smoky drawing-room—bedbugs in midsummer—a drizzling rain with a dull horse on a journey—squalls at sea—want of money among friends—poor relations—a wire-drawn sermon of an hour and a half—a hysterical patient—a step-mother in childhood—a bachelor turned the corner of 50—a man who never answers yes or no—a boisterous braggadochio—a corrupted judge—an examination before a committee of the faculty—a faux pas in public after assured success—reading your own compositions before a corps of Troilus and Scalligers—an invincible sturter—rivalry with a friend—headach in the morning and the toothach at night—tight indispensables—sour bread for breakfast—peppermint pedlars—sea sickness—"hope deferred"—agrarianism—the "pinks of good society"—circuses—a republican oligarchy—easterly winds—dancing attendance on the great.

PER CONTRA.

Milk-punch and ice-cream in summer—academic honors—a fond wife—an old almanack in stupid company—a memorial from a friend—attentions from the fair—annual parties of an hundred—a fat library of the rare and curious—rock-maple fires when Boreas works his bellows—a long purse—a generous benefactor—houses and lands?—a silent token of approbation—smooth roads and swift steeds

—"the testimony of a good conscience"—young hyson at the end of a long journey—sound sleep by night and a clear head by day—an armed rocking-chair—power to do as you please on particular occasions—an affable companion—an occasional rencontre with a club of *bon vivants*—an affectionate father—a prompt pay master—a tart reply for a malicious jester—freedom of opinion—a view of Green Mountain drapery under a clear October sky—a tete a tete with an old croney—an introduction to a literary coterie—back-gammon and damier—college reminiscences—a trip down the Delaware in September to the "city of brotherly love"—a civic wreath—a few staunch friends, when the cloud of adversity lowers—pumpkin pies and Carolina potatoes—cooling zephyrs when Sirius rages—the music of the feathered choir on the banks of a shaded rivulet—"heaven's artillery thundering in the skies"—literary periodicals—an evening concert over a lake—success at an election—cerulean eyes, sweet voices and amiable tempers—shower-bath—oriental tales—bugle horn—odes of Horace—power to relieve the distresses of an enemy—a safe deliverance from a troop of idle hangers on—freedom from ennui—versatility of genius—triumph of innocence.

HORACE, LYRICS, L. 31.

While at Apollo's consecrated shrine
The poet hails the influence divine,
And o'er the altar pours his first libation,
What boon begins and ends his supplication?
He asks not for the richly swelling grains
That gild so bright Sardinia's sunny plains;
Nor herds that range Calabria's argent mead,
To play their gambols or in quiet feed;
Nor diamond mines, nor beds of golden sand,
Nor pearly ivory from India's strand;
Nor rural grounds the silent Liris laves,
And cats mordacious with his noiseless waves.
Let him express Calernus' rosy wine
To whom boon nature grants the grateful vine;
Let the rich merchant by the gods held dear,
Who sails the Atlantic o'er three times a year
The golden goblet of its treasure drain,
By Syrian wealth replenished not in vain.
On mallows, olives, endives—nature's store
I feast contented, nor entreat for more.
Son of Latona! give me sense and health,
The full enjoyment of my present wealth,
I pray, nor let inglorious age creep on
By lyre unaided, uninspired by song. Z.

MAN'S FRIENDSHIP AND WOMAN'S LOVE.

And what is friendship? but a name.

I never had, or thought I had
A friend, who'd with me walk
Thro' life—be with me gay or sad
With me despair—or hope.
But treach'ry's mark was o'er him thrown,
To cheat my poor heart's trust;
Deceit was warbled on his tongue
And friendship turn'd to dust.

And Love is still and emptier sound.

And Woman's love, that since the sun,
The first meridian pass'd,
E'en in the verse of faithless Hun,
O'er treach'rous Arab cast,
Is sung as changeless and as true
As aught of earthly trust;
To me was false, and trait'rous too,
As Judas's lying boast.

Hilarious.

YOUTH.

Youth is an ever restless ocean
Where passions rage in wild commotion.
Age is the clear unruffled stream
Resplendent with the sun's last beam.

Public Poetry.—About a mile from town, on the Fulham Road, the following lines are written over the door of a public house:

Stop, brave boys,
And quench your thirst;
If you won't drink,
Your horses must!

At another "hinn," as it is called, some two miles farther on the same road, the following poetical effusion is placed over the fire-place in the parlor:

All people that this Room doth use,
May set and drink whate'er they choose—
Sing or tell a merry tale,
Nine pence a pot the price of ale;
This room is prepar'd at my Expence,
A Pint of Porter is Threepence;
My gin is Good, So is my Rum,
If you Ring the bell, Sir, in I'll come;
Of Wines I have the Very Best,
But that, to Prove, you'd better Taste.

POETRY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
A SUNDAY PASTORAL.
BY THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Colin. Good morning, Keatie—Fie, for shame,
To sleep sae lang ye're sair to blame!
Then at your glass to smile an' smirk,
An' be the hindmost at the kirk!

Kate. Ay, 'tis o'er true,—O, wae's my heart!
An' to reprove is weel your part;
Your neighbors of their faults to tell,
When ye're sae early there yoursel'!

Colin. Ah, cunning Kate! I ken your way,
An' darena wrangle wi' ye day;
For ye're sae tart when ye begin,
Ye lead aye into woods o' sin.

Colin. Now, when we hae met together,
An' like sae weel to be wi'ither,
Let's chat, without a' taunts or scorning,
O' things befitting Sabbath morning.

Kate. Nae doubt, nae doubt! 'Tis a' o'er true,—
Naebody else has aught to do;
Ik turn to Colin's hand maun lie,
The lassies a' to court forbye!

Colin. Now, Kate, I canna stand sic joking,
There's naught on earth is sae provoking;
When weel ye ken I never pari
Either to kiss, or court, or quarrel,
Or sit me down to mince or mull
Wi' any lass except yoursel'.

Kate. Alas! poor lad, ye're sair abused then,
An' fausely, wickedly accused then;
Sic tales are through the country fleeing;
But then the country's ill for leeing.
It wana true that Meg McGill
Came greeting to you on the hill?

Colin. 'Tis hard on twa. Good morning, Kate;
I hate at preachings to be late;
Besides it's sinful to get mad
At such a glib-tongued wicked jade.

Kate. Colin, I'll gang as fast as you
On this fine day, and faster too;
Besides, I'll chat of what you will,
The Bible, or the Papist's bill;

Colin. Kate, ye're a witch—sae haud your tongue;
An' o' me wicked, yet sae young,
Was never nursed on mother's knee—
What are Bathsheba's faults to me?

Kate. O, naught to you! Wha said they were?
I only wanted to prefer
Some Scripture argument 'bout sin,
And chanced with woman to begin.

Colin. Now, Kate, 'tis right strange o' you,
Yet I hae noted, an' 'tis true,
Whether o' woman-kind I hunt,
Then ap ye flee like fire from flint,—
Free whilk it weel might it understood be,
That things are no just as they should be.

Kate. Sweet Kate! w' that provokin' tongue
My heart wi' rage is often wrung,
But when I turn me round, an' see
The wily twinkle o' your ee,

Colin. Stop, Colin, stop! I canna join!
Ye may pray for marriage gin you will,
To think of that can do nae ill;
Its sinless joys our God will grant them—
We'll pray for bairnies when we want them.
Ye coo'dna ask for aught that's worse,
Than the heaviest portion o' woman's curse.

Colin. Ah, my dear Kate! gin ye be sae
You'll change your chime on that awad,
If pure affections from above,
If love is heaven, and Heaven is love,
If loveliness conceived may be,
Can ye a sight so lovely see,

Kate. Stop, Colin, stop! I canna join!
Ye may pray for marriage gin you will,
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If love is heaven, and Heaven is love,
If loveliness conceived may be,
Can ye a sight so lovely see,

Kate. Stop, Colin, stop! I canna join!
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To think of that can do nae ill;
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An' O, forgive this tear o' love;
For ne'er was vision so complete
In window of a soul so sweet.

Kate. Colin, I like nae sic pathetics;
When chaps get into their poetics,
They rave on like the winter winds,
An' mischief whiles comes in their minds:
Sae, that I still may haud you dear,
An' keep you sober and sincere,
Kneel down upon that purple lea,
An' pray to God for you an' me—
The path o' grace has a beginning;
An' praying winna gang wi' sinning;
'Tis sweet an' comely to express
Our homage in the wilderness,
An' train our youthfu' minds away
Frae courting on the Sabbath day.

Colin, without another word,
Kneel'd down upon the lonely sward,
His comely face turn'd to the sky,
With ardour in his dark blue eye;
And thus unto his God he pray'd,
As near as't can in rhyme be said:

Colin. O thou, who dwell'st beyond that aua!
Where the sinful soul can never won;
Thou God of all beings on earth that dwell,
The angels of heaven, an' spirits of hell—
O! wilt thou deign, in thy love divine,
To list to such a prayer as mine?
Not for myself do I crave thine ear,
But for one beside, than life more dear;
And for her sake I heard shall be,
For a virgin's soul is dear to thee.

Then thou, who reared'st up ample sky,
And planted the Paradise on high,
When the morning stars together sung,
And its arch with hymns of angels rung;
Who placed the sun on his golden throne,
His God's viceregent, and His alone;
Who clothed the moon in her silver veil,
And the little stars in their diamond mail;
Who wall'd the ocean's mighty wave,
O'er coral ledges to roll and rave;
And form'd there mountains, great and small,
And the soul of man, the last of all—
O, hear in heaven, most graciously,
For we had our lives and souls from thee!

O thou, who laid'st thine infant head
In a manger for thy cradle bed,
When spirits of guilt were moved with awe,
And the angels marvel'd at what they saw—
The babe of heaven hush'd to his rest
Upon an earthly virgin's breast,
Then yield his life upon a tree,
And lie in the grave for such as me—
O hear us in heaven, thou holy one!
For in thy merits we trust alone!

Thou spirit of grace, adored, believed,
Great messenger all unconceived;
Thou three in one, and one in three,
Potent, supreme Divinity,
As one great God, we worship thee!

Then hear our prayers whilst here we live,
And when thou hearest, Lord forgive!
We have no earthly thing to crave;
We are more than happy with what we have—
We have youth and health, and love beside,
And thee for our father and our guide;

Thy own blue heavens smiling o'er us;
Religion, hope, and the world before us;
And all we can do, is to express
Our gratitude and our thankfulness.

One blessing would earthly hope fulfil,
If 'tis accordant with thy will:
May we two, kneeling thee before,
Be join'd as one for evermore!

And that a prospect may remain
Of acting earthly scenes again,
May she be as a fruitful vine—
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Wha since gart me the preaching miss:
An' waur than that; when her behest
A solemn task had on me press'd,
She flew up wi' a wicked screed,
An' put a praying frae my head.

Kate. Here, with the tear drop in my ee,
Colin, I beg you'll pardon me,
I did amiss, mang' passions rife,
But could not help it for my life,
In my reproof, though scarce ye'll trow,
I was at least sincere as you.
And now I beg of me you'll take
This book, an' keep it for my sake;
It was my honor'd father's gift
That day when I our cottage left,
With bitter grief and youthfu' dread,
In the wide world to earn my bread.

"My bairn," quo he, "ye're gaun to leave me;
I hope through life you'll never grieve me.
If ever sin your fancy brook,
Think on the Author of this book—
Think how he reads the heart within,
And grieves if you should yield to sin.
An' think o' your old father too,
And how his soul yearns over you.
An' O, my bairn, when I am dead,
Cling to this blessed book, an' read
Its holy precepts when you may,
An' God will give you grace to pray,
To pray in purity of heart.

Farewell, my bairn, since we maun part!"
Now, Colin, as my sole director,
My trusted generous protector,
Here do I render up to thee
The charge of baith my book and me,
And ne'er again, by it I swear,
'Twixt you an' heaven to interfere.
Accept, dear Colin, the propine,
An' O forgive the heart that's thine!

He took the book, an' first he kiss'd
The donor, then the volume bless'd,
An' hid it in his bosom true,
While on his eyelids stood the dew;
Then hand in hand they trode the brae
That looks o'er Ettrick's wilder'd way,
An' parted on the mountain green,
Far happier than a king an' queen.

THE INDIAN WIFE'S LAMENT.

[The Indian tribes, who reside near the Falls of St. Anthony, have a tradition of one of their females, who drowned herself in a fit of jealousy. Her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, had, after their fashion, which permits a plurality of wives, introduced a second female into his wigwam, which so mortified the heroic woman, who had prided herself in being the sole possessor of his affections, that she calmly placed herself and her children in a canoe, and floated over the Cataract,—singing her "Dith-song."]

She launched her frail bark in the swift rolling stream,
And sang her death-song with a maniac scream,
That pierced the lone caves of that desolate shore,
And rose o'er the din of the cataract's roar.

The bald eagle sprang from his perch at the sound,
And, poised high in air, circled watchfully round;
The panther crouched low in his brush-covered bed,
The timid deer rushed from the thicket and fled.

She saw not the eagle, she mark'd not the deer,
The echo that scared them is mute to her ear;
So wild was her sorrow, so wretched her doom,
She seemed a lone spirit escaped from the tomb.

Her hair's clinging around her with timorous cry,
Alarmed by the glance of her fierce rolling eye;
And still'er those dark ones impassioned she hung,
And madly she kissed them, as wildly she sung:

"Oh children forsaken! wife, mother, forlorn!
The heart that should cherish, has sparred ye in scorn;
Expelled from his bosom, and banished his door,
The father, the husband, shall clasp thee no more.

"How blest were the days of my youth, when in pride
I smiled yonder mountain, or lashed in this tide;
When I chased the young fawn to its woodland retreat,
And snatched a rich plume from the gay parakeet.

"But happier far when I roamed through the shade,
Companion of him whom with pride I obeyed;
His quiver I carried, his game I secured—
I shared all his triumphs, his toils I endured.

"He was strong as the oak, he was straight as the reed,
No warrior could match him in courage or speed;
So true was his arrow, so sharp was his spear,
His Otto and Pawnee Lunge met him in fear.

"How faithful, how fond, how enduring my love,
These tears, and the pangs of a broken heart, prove!
Do I dream? No—these pledges too dearly procured,
How happy I was, and how wretched I am!

"Had he died, I had mourned him with many a tear;
His son should have wielded his bow and his spear;
His daughter in songs should have honored his name,
Every vale, every mountain had rung with his name.

"Ah, solitary, he charmed as the snake,
Who looks on the mountain, or lurks in the brake;
He stung like the reptile—the poison is sure;
No herb can relieve me, no sorcery cure!

"False traitor! who won, and carested to destroy,
Oh, could I but hate thee, I still could know joy!
But, spurned and degraded, this heart is so frail,
Love remains where deep hate and revenge should prevail.

LOST—A Great Man's Courage.—The following poetical *jeux d'esprit* appeared in a late London Times.

Missing, or lost, last Saturday night,
A Watford coin whereof was told
The inscription "Courage" in letters bright,
Though a little by rust of years defaced.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And 'tis thought of late—mix'd up with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's reward,
And through all posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
And, perhaps, the city,—whose thieves they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And flash'd this "gift of God" away.

One ne'er could of course, the coin suspect,
If we had not, that evening chanced to see,

At the rob'd man's door, a *Mure* elect,
With an ass, to keep her company.

Whoever of this lost treasure knows
Is begged to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
—Nor, indeed, his friends, just now,—without it.

And, if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest back
That is left in old King George's stable.

The following compliment to the Printer is copied from a Western paper; and we take the liberty of reminding our readers, that the approaching session of Congress affords them (such as are in arrears) an opportunity to pay the printer.

U. S. Telegraph

THE PRINTER

Who is it—"gentle reader," who,
That labors hard in pleasing you,
By telling all that's strange and new?

The Printer

Who is it brings you from afar,
Intelligence of bloody war,
Or feats of some immortal tar?

The Printer

Who tells you of the affairs of state,
When legislators legislate,
And are engag'd in warm debate?

The Printer

Who is it that with *stick and rule*,
Chastises well the knave and fool,
And keeps in awe the party tool?

The Printer

By whom is it that learning's got,
And genius to perfection brought—
Oh! reader, say—say is it not

The Printer

Say, ye who always wish to know
How the concerns of nations go—
Who do you for that knowledge owe?

The Printer

Ye politicians, too, can tell
Who make you understand so well
Th' affairs on which you love to dwell—

The Printer

Then in no case should you delay,
(Though many do from day to day)
With punctuality to PAY

The Printer

Epitaph on a Seaton.

However strange it may appear,
It cannot be denied,
It is a paradox most clear,
By death he lived and died.

Dunning. A western poet expresses his horror of a dun in the following forcible language:

I'd rather fall among the bees—
Or tear the hides of lugs and fleas—
The poisonest snake come plump upon—
Than meet that still more frightful Deu.

VARIETY.

Sympathetic Sensibility at the Card Table.—So, Miss Heetic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen—a sweet girl! Ah me! is she dead?—Poor thing! what's trumps?

The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind our house, and which he fell into. Is he? I thought he could not recover. Play a spade.

There were upwards of four thousand killed in the last engagement. How many childless parents are now in sorrow!—All how many indeed! The odd trick.

The Captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be a charity to send a joint of meat to his family.—That's hard—I have not a heart, indeed, Sir.

He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since; and the physicians have no hopes that he will ever recover the use of his reason. Oh! I recollect that he rode against somebody.—Play a spade if you please.

The prospects of the poor, this winter, is dreadful indeed. There will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich. Yes—me really gives so much in charity—I will bat you a guinea on the game.

Pray, lady—have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. —? What! her son drowned? O yes—Mind we are eight, partner.

George, madam, George—I am sorry to say it, put an end to his life last Tuesday. You don't say so?—I had two honors in my own hand.

Yes; and his misfortunes never come alone. his mother and sister are in a state of distraction. Dear me that's bad—Single, double, and the rub.

A learned Judge, who shall be nameless, while in trying a case during the last circuit, saw just in front of him, a person wearing a hat; his lordship desired one of the officers to make that man take off his hat, or leave the Court. "My Lord," said the supposed offender, who turned out to be a lady, in a riding habit and smart beaver, "I am no man!"—"Then," said his Lordship, "I am no Judge."

The following excellent satire, on the rage for taking medicine, is from the Philadelphia Bulletin.

MEDICAL ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Patent Boarding-house.—The subscriber has long contemplated with extreme sorrow, the difficulties under which many persons labor who are fond of eating drugs, owing to the obstinacy of their friends in forbidding their use, and the high prices at which they are retailed. To obviate all these difficulties he proposes opening an establishment in the city of Philadelphia on an entirely new plan, for which he claims a patent according to the laws of these states.—He begs leave at present to give a short and imperfect description of his mode of treatment, which will be more fully described in a book nearly ready for publication, wherein will be set forth the whole of his secret for curing the most inveterate diseases in a manner perfectly rational, and according to the known rules of nature. His arrangements being nearly completed, on the first day of April next his "Patent Boarding-house" will be open for the reception of customers. His whole plan being novel, he is confident, when understood, of its meeting the exigencies of the public. His rooms, which are spacious and airy, are all covered with medicated oil cloth—his tables, instead of disclosing the old fashioned linen covering, will be spread with medicated court-plaster of the latest invention. His castors are filled with the choicest drugs—for pepper he uses charcoal in powder, according to the most approved method now practised by dyspeptic patients—for red pepper he employs powdered blue—for mustard a tonic electuary of his own invention—for vinegar he substitutes pyroligneous acid, and for sweet oil he recommends the oil of the castor bean and sunflower.

His poultry will be fed under his own inspection, on medicinal herbs, such as lie ever-lasting, &c. and when cooked, will be stuffed with English garlic and tumeric root. His beef will always be fragrant with the choicest assafetida, prepared after a fashion of his own. For the dessert too, he is amply provided to meet the tastes of the most fastidious—for visits he has a large nursery of rhubarb plants, the pastry to which will be made of a mixture of three parts prepared chalk and two of magnesia, forming a most delicate white flour. Lozenges—soda biscuits—Wistar's cough lozenges—calves-foot jelly, with quinine and pargoric to give it a flavor, and medicated molasses candy from the Walnut Street manufactory, will complete the course, except occasionally when an imitation of ice creams will be allowed in the form of pillars of magnesia. Light wines, such as antimonial and ipecacuanha, will follow, varied according to circumstances with lemonade made of cream of tartar.—Mr.—s's panacea—Lisbon diet drink—Saratoga purges, and asses milk.

The patients will exercise in a medical greenhouse. Flowering shrubs and flower of sulphur, and a soda fountain will furnish occupation between-whiles, added to cigars and snuff made of rosin and beeswax. In the greenhouse will always be found the latest numbers of the Journal of Health, Dyott's advertisements and pills, with a select library containing the most approved treatises on Longevity and Alchimy.—Cards perfumed with tincture of assafetida, will be allowed on evenings only. In each parlour there will be an electrical piano, which, while it shocks the knuckles, will so far soothe the nerves by its harmony as to prevent any bad effects to the patient.

Persons boarding upon this regimen may live for an indefinite period, and when they die, their bodies will not require embalming to preserve them as long as desirable.

As the subscriber purchases every one of his drugs at wholesale, the price of boarding will not exceed the ordinary apothecary's bill, while every patient shall be supplied gratis with Clark's patent vapor bath, and in place of chambermaids, shall be waited on by medical students, and young physicians out of employ.

As the subscriber is aware of the great numbers who live almost entirely on drugs, he intends to make application for the old Almshouse in Spruce Street, as soon as the new one is ready. In this building he can accommodate as many persons as he can possible cook for.

The above is only a brief outline of a plan which has received the approbation of the faculty in both colleges—the remainder shall be more fully made known as soon as the patent is secured by the public's humble servant,
DABLANCOUR.

N. B. Should it not succeed under the title of *patent boarding* it will be called "a private mad house."

"Idem." "That 'ere Idem must be a fine paper," said a promising young man to a bystander a few days since, while reading the Albany Argus. "Yes, yes," he continued "it must be a good paper, for only see, here are five or six articles all credited to the Idem. I should like to take it; can you tell me whereabouts it is published?"
Kinderhook Herald.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER—DUBLIN.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

Mary Ann Kavanah v. Magarry.—This was an action brought by the plaintiff, the daughter of a respectable publican in this city, against the defendant, a pawnbroker residing in Merrion-row, for breach of promise of marriage. Damages were laid at one thousand pounds.

The promise was fully proved, and disparity in the ages of the parties admitted: after which

Mr. Sheil, on behalf of the defendant, said that the plaintiff was entitled to receive some damages. A promise had been proved, the jury were to determine them. What was the case? The action was brought by a barmaid—the Hebe of certain good fellows, who met every evening in Patrick-street, at her father's house, against a sexagenarian, who belonged to that class of worthy persons who, in the true spirit of a thrifty benevolence, write "money to lend," in golden characters, over their doors. The girl was three and twenty. Her lover upon the verge, the precipee of sixty. It appeared that the latter has been in the habit of frequenting the dispensary of joyousness where Miss Kavanagh presided. She attended him the month, "the merry month of May." What will not three and twenty do with sixty? She would come in with all the apparatus of festivity, bearing hot water, tumblers, and the essence of John Barleycorn, and all the other implements of exhilaration. Peter Magarry thought that her smiles were more sugary and saccharine than the largest lump of sweetness which she dropped into her largest tumbler. Punch operated as the *clever* rite—he became young again. Poor fellow! he imagined that she had pawned her affections, that she had given her heart in pledge to him, and he popped the question in return (loud laughter.) But he afterwards bethought himself. He looked in the glass, and he found that he was engaged in a perilous adventure. He broke off. It is perhaps well for both parties. He has escaped from her and she from him. A mutuality of liberation has been thus effected. What injury has she suffered? Have her feelings been wounded and lacerated? Is your verdict to be applied as balm to them? Surely not one of you will think that she was in love. She might have protested to the old pawnbroker, but it required a credulous sensibility to believe her. She therefore comes before you without the least substantial wrong to complain of. She is better off than if she was the wedded wife of Peter Magarry, with his 1400*l.* a year, and his 14,000*l.* in Bank Stock. Mr. Wallace has appealed to your gallantry. Do not indulge it in a case like this—where a blooming bar-maid demands a compensation for her hymeneal disappointment, for a man who has had sixty years of apology—white and bald upon his head.

The defendant produced no witnesses, and the jury, after a short consultation, returned a verdict of seven hundred pounds damages, and costs. [So much for the management of the bar-maid!]

Inscriptions in Living Trees. In the last number of *Dr. Brewster's Journal*, there is a curious paper, translated from the Swedish. Words or figures are often cut in trees; and the general opinion is that they are soon obliterated by the growth of the wood. It appears, however, from a number of examples cited, that this is not the case; that on the contrary, the inscription is faithfully retained in the tree as long as it endures, and that, if not seriously injured, the number of concentric rings of wood found above the inscription will accurately denote the time when it was cut. Professor Laurell of the University of Lund, made two inscriptions in two beech trees, in 1748. The one opened in 1755, and had the inscription remaining, with eight rings of wood over it; the other in 1764 and had sixteen rings over it. Bishop Faxe sent lately to the Museum of Lund, two pieces of wood from a tree which grew near Helzimbargh, and which, during the sawing and cleaning, separated in such a way, that the inscription stands right on the one piece, but reversed on the other. It is "F. M. D. d. 21. 1 1817," but the letters and figures are placed below one another, in four lines. It was cut in 1820, and the inscription was found to be covered with layers of wood, the tenth being imperfect. Several other examples are given but they are less precise.

Readers and talkers seem alike perplexed in this country as to the true pronunciation of the name of the new Lord Chancellor of England. We can hardly indicate, by any combination of letters, the various attempts at it, drawn from that most delusive of all principles in our language, analogy. They run through the changes of *Brou-am, Bro-am, Bro-ham, Bro-gham, Broog-gham, Brog-gam, Brug-gam, Brum*, together with another guttural sound which we despair of expressing by any form of letters.

A Yankee pedlar, on his way to the west with a two horse-load of notions, put up at the house of an honest Dutchman between Harrisburg and Wheeling, and as it happened was detained there three or four days by a heavy rain which made the road and streams impassable. At last the sky brightened up and he lunched too, but when the reckoning came to be paid, which was \$10, Jonathan requested the host to score it until he returned home from his voyage, promising very honestly to discharge it then. This did not suit the Dutchman, however, who insisted on the cash, which was at last reluctantly paid him. It was then the custom, as it is now, to treat a traveller upon payment of his bill, to a glass, and the tavern keeper was never backward in following the custom. But on handing out a mug of clear cider, Jonathan remarked shrewdly that it would make fine wine, and said he had a secret by which through a short process, he could convert cider into the best wine. This put mynheer on the needles; possess it he must, so he finally took the Yankee upon his offer of putting the cider into the process of wine making for \$10 down, and \$50 more when he returned, if it succeeded to the landlord's mind. Jonathan was accordingly conducted into the cellar, and having procured a half-inch auger, bored a hole in one end of a hog-head of cider, and directed mynheer to apply his thumb to it while he bored a like hole in the other end, and then ordered him to stretch his other arm so as to cover that also—having thus got the unsuspecting Dutchman into business, he directed him to remain so until he cut two spigots for the holes, and walking out to his wagon, jumped in and was off, leaving his credulous friend to make wine of his cider the best way he could, and get the ten dollars when he caught him.

The grain of Mustard Seed and the Tulip Root.

A small grain of mustard seed being thrown by accident near to a large tulip root: "How durst you," says the insolent neighbor, "take rank with a tulip!" "My dear sir," replies the grain, "forgive the chance which brought me here, and let me rest in peace. My life at present, is dull enough, but if you will permit me to stay, I promise you by and by a sheltering shade for yourself or your family."

People of easy fortunes discourage a budding genius: the latter, not in the least attentive to their arrogance, suffers without complaint; foreseeing that when he has arrived at his full growth, their walk, compared to his, will be but a mere crawling.

Duke of Orleans. A few days ago, when the Duke of Orleans was at St. Etienne, the public functionaries of every class hastened to wait on him. The clergy also, who had refused to chant the *Domine saluum fac regem*, wished to pay him their homage. On the Prefect's proposing to his Royal Highness that they should be admitted, the Prince replied, "M. de Prefect, I know to my regret that these gentlemen have hitherto refused to pray for my father. As a citizen I ought not to receive those who refused to invoke God for the King; and as a son, I cannot those who will not pray for my father."

The Divorce. A married couple determined to be divorced; but not being able to agree; with respect to the disposition of the children, referred the dispute to an aunt, to whose arbitration they respectively agreed to submit. "We have three children," said the husband, "I insist upon keeping two; the third shall be left to the care of the mother." "But I," said the mother, "have a right to two; the care of one will be more than sufficient for you." "There is no way of settling this dispute," said the aunt, with the true gravity of a judge, "but by waiting for the birth of a fourth child, you can then separate upon equal terms." This decision restored good humor. The contending parties embraced, and the idea of a divorce was forgotten.

Miss M—, a young heiress of considerable person and attractions, chanced to be seated with a young man at a dinner party, remarkable in the fashionable circles for the brilliancy of his wit, who had long made one in the train of her admirers. The conversation turning on the uncertainty of life—"I mean to insure mine," said the young lady archly, "in the *Hope* [Insurance Company]." "In the hope of what?" said the admirer; "a single life is not worth insuring; I propose that we should insure our lives together, and, if you have no objection, I should prefer the *Alliance*."

Laconic order of the Day. Frederick II. wrote one day to Gen. Salmon, commander at Cleves—"My dear Salmon, if the Austrians come into my territories, tell them they have mistaken their way; if they begin to argue, make them prisoners; if they make any resistance, cut them in pieces."

[From the N. Y. Standard.]

Lecture.—The Lord Mayor of London (Key) was engaged in his ordinary business at the Mansion House, where in walked one of the beardless with a long pole on which was a placard, representing two asses heads. The beardless stated with much solemnity, that he had saved these articles from a man who was going up and down the street offering them for sale, together with some copies of verses which he was singing in the most unmelodious manner. The pictures of the two asses bore a striking resemblance to the Lord Mayor and Sir Claudius Hunter. The Lord Mayor burst into a loud laugh as soon as he saw the picture, and said that the placard bearer should not have been interrupted. A copy of the verses was produced, and they were found to allude to the late civic disappointment. The following is an extract:

"Now pale is the point of each Heiderman's nose,
And sad must the souls of the citizens be,
Since constant is wrong, as the locksmiths suppose.
When the Ward is no longer on terms with the Key,
Poor Gilbey grows, Chasley Pearson he pouts,
And Figgins, and Wiggins, and Scroggins is quest;
For November to them, without gazing boots,
Must as well be wiped off from the walls of the year
And I'm afraid if I don't run how to witness the gloom
Of the fellow who axed such a price for his room
In Chancery, and now prays for a convicted doom
On the head of the Waterloo Condemner."

The Lord Mayor remarked that he was glad the citizens had something to amuse them at so dull a season, and that he had no objection to be one of the sources of the general mirth. The beardless was then directed to return the poetry to the rightful owner, who soon entered and asked his clerk to slip it if he would be so good as to order him his bond back again—"As for the picture," he said, "he knew nothing at all about it, but if it wasn't liked by his lordship, why he'd show it off the board." The Mayor advised him by no means to do so, as it might answer very well for some future Mayoralty. The man said where ver he appeared he was sure to attract a crowd, for the people would listen to nothing else except a song, of which the following was the chorus:

"You think you've an *Unter*, but may I go to grass,
And he rode for an *Unter*, if you want got a *Hass*."

While the eyes were under examination, Sir Claudius Hunter entered the room—saw the picture and suddenly turned into the opposite room.

AMUSING LETTER.

FROM AN AUNT IN IRELAND TO HER NEPHEW.

Dear Nephew.—I have not written to you since my last before now, because we had moved from our former place of living, and I did not know where a letter would find you; but I now with pleasure take my pen, to inform you of the melancholy news of the very sudden death of our only living uncle Kilpatrick, who died suddenly last week after a lingering illness of five months. The poor man was in violent convulsions the whole time of his sickness, laying perfectly quiet and speechless, all the while talking incoherently, and calling for water. I had no opportunity of informing you of his death sooner, except I had wrote you by last Post, which was off two days before he died, and then you would have Postage to pay. I am at a loss to tell what his death was occasioned by, but I fear it was brought on by his last sickness, for he was never well ten days together during the whole time of his confinement, and I believe his sickness was occasioned by his eating too much of Rabbits, stuffed with Peas and Gravy, or Peas and Gravy stuffed with Rabbits. I can't tell which, but he that as it will, as soon as he breathed his last the Doctors gave over all hopes of his recovery.

I need not tell you any thing about his age, for you well knew that in December next, he would have been 45 years old, lacking ten months, and had he lived till then, he would have been just six months dead. His property now devolves to his next of kin, who all died some time ago, so that I expect it will be divided between us, and you know his property was something considerable; for he had a fine estate, which he sold to pay his debts, and the remainder he lost on a horse-race; but it was the opinion of every body at the time that he would have won the race, if the horse he ran against had not been too fast for him. I never saw a man, and the Doctors all said so, that observed directions, and took medicine better than he did, he said he had no lief drink gruel as wine, if it only had the same taste, and would as soon take jalap as eat beef steak, if it only had the same relish. But, poor soul, he will never eat or drink more, and now you have not a living relation in the world except myself and your two cousins who were killed in the last war. I can't dwell on this mournful subject, and shall seal my letter with black sealing wax, and put on it your Uncle's Coat of Arms, so I beg you not to break the seal when you open the letter, and don't open it until three or four days after you receive it, by which time you will be prepared for the sorrowful tidings. When you come to this place stop, and do not read any more until my next.

Your affectionate Aunt.
P. S. Don't write to me again until you receive this.
Yours, &c.

Dumb motions. In Italy, a lover at a ball places two fingers on his mouth, which signifies to a lady, you are very handsome, and I wish to speak to you. If she touches her cheek with her fan, and lets it gently drop, that signifies I consent; but if she turns her head, it is a denial. At a ball, in Paris, to take a lady out to dance with her, is only *indifference*, to place yourself near her is *interest*, but to follow her with your eyes in the dance, is *love*.

[From the Irish Magazine.]
THE OCEAN.

Likeness of Heaven!
Agent of power!
Man is thy victim,
Shipwreck's thy dower!
Spices and jewels
From valley and sea,
Armies and banners
Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines,
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep waters shines?
Thy proud waves that cover
The conquering west—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast!

From the high hills that view
Thy wreck-making shore,
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar;
When, like launds in the tempest,
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge broken billows
The canvass is cast—

How humbering to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness
And list to its roll;
To think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of Eternity
Rises from thee.

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre;
Swept from the nations
Like sparks from the fire;
The glory of Athens,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam.

But thou art almighty,
Eternal—sublime—
Unwakened—unwasted—
Twin brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow,
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges
No longer shall roll,
And that firmament's length
Is drawn back as a scroll;
Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,
Be more mighty—more lasting—
More chainless than thou.

HOUSE OF REFORMATION. A person living not quite miles from Boston, hearing that one of his neighbors had killed an ox, and thinking that a piece of the sign would make a good Sunday's dinner, called a companion and proceeded, after the family had retired to rest, to the barn where the ox lay snugly, with a stick between the flanks in the usual way. It was agreed that he should mount the ox, stick and cut away, whilst the other kept watch. He had scarcely commenced operations when the stick slipped from under him, the ribs creaked, and fairly locked him inside the carcass, his arms extended above his head and his feet protruding from the neck of the animal. His companion fled, leaving the prisoner to be released from his confinement by the owner of the ox, who, upon opening his barn at sunrise, greeted him with a hearty "Good morning."

LIVING WARNING.—A gentleman unfortunately killed by fire, to one who made him feel the weight of his chains, was one day told by the maid that she was going to give her mistress warning, as she kept scolding her from morning to night—"Ah, happy girl!" said the master, "I wish I could give her warning too!"

DIED.

At Ashburnham Place, Essex, George, Earl of Ashburnham, Viscount St. Asaph, and Baron Ashburnham of Ashburnham, son-in-law to the late Lord Rivers—by whose daughter, Lady Charlotte Percy, and also by his former wife, Sophia, third daughter of the first Marquis of Bath, he leaves a large family. Lord Ashburnham was a Fellow of the Society of Arts, and we believe has recently appeared before the public as the author of a memoir, celebrating the memory of his ancestor, the attend-upon the last moments of Charles I. from the tabernacle of Clarendon. The watch, and other personal effects of that monarch to his adherents, are still religiously preserved in the Ashburnham family. The Earl of Ashburnham, on his death, has left at his delightful seat, Ashburnham-place, near Hastings, one of the most valuable collections of pictures for their extent, in the kingdom. They are chiefly of the Italian and Flemish school.

ENLARGED COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—No. 2 of SYLVESTER'S Reporter, and Counterfeit Detector, was published yesterday. \$1.50 per annum. Single copies, 6 1-4 cts.
Jan. 22 130 BROADWAY.

CARVING, GILDING, LOOKING-GLASS, and PICTURE-FRAME FACTORY.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture every branch of his Profession in the best style—of the most approved patterns, and on moderate terms at

No. 20 Hudson Street, near Chambers Street.

Old Looking Glasses new silvered and framed, old frames and ornaments regilt or repaired—Picture, Print, and Needle-work frames—Curtains and other Ornaments &c. &c.

All orders punctually and correctly executed by
SAMUEL KENNEDY.

To whom the Premium for superior Carving and Gilding was awarded last Fair.

SYLVESTER, 130 BROADWAY, New-York.

TRULY LUCKY!

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 1, for 1831:
7 59 47 38 48 5 44 16 60

SYLVESTER assures his friends he only sold SIX of the Capitals. He will be glad to sell his city patrons, and send to the country, original Tickets or Shares in any of the undermentioned Lotteries.

Jan. 27. Extra 2 \$20,000 \$10,000 &c. \$5
Feb. 3. Regular 12, for 1830, \$15,000
\$10,000 \$6,000 &c. \$5

Feb. 10. Extra 3, \$30,000, \$20,000
\$10,000 &c. \$10

Feb. 17. Extra 4, \$20,000, \$10,000 &c. \$5
Feb. 24. Regular 1, for 1831, \$16,000
\$5,000, &c. \$5

Orders from the country meet every attention; and all persons dealing with SYLVESTER are entitled to the "Reporter, and Counterfeit Detector," a paper that will be found useful to all business men.

N. B. Washington and Warren Notes and Certificates, also Pistrons, wanted at the highest rate.
Jan. 21

CIRCULAR.

OFFICE OF AMERICAN AND FOREIGN AGENCY FOR CLAIMS, 49 WALL-ST. NEW-YORK, JAN. 1831.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given to all persons whom it may concern, having Claims, Debts, Inheritances, &c., payable or recoverable abroad, that this Agency has established, under the special auspices and patronage of distinguished individuals in this country, a regular correspondence with eminent Bankers, &c., in the principal ports and capitals of Foreign Governments, in commercial relations with the United States; through the mediation whereof such valid claims as may be confided thereto, will be expedited for settlement, and promptly and effectively recovered; when furnished by the claimants with the suitable legal proofs and vouchers, together with the requisite Power of Attorney, to be taken and acknowledged before any Judge of a Court of Record, or other competent Civil Magistrate, Municipal Authority, or Notary Public; and the whole duly authenticated by the Governor of the State, or Territory in which the same may be perfected, and legalized by the appropriate Foreign Consul.

Having also established a similar correspondence throughout the United States and British America, the like claims for recovery in any port thereof respectively, will be received and efficiently attended to, in behalf of American as well as Foreign claimants.

Orders for the investment of funds on Mortgage of Freehold property, or in the purchase of Public Securities of the United States, Canal Loans of the States of N. York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, &c., punctually and faithfully executed.

Applications addressed to this Agency in cases requiring the investigation of claims, search of records, or the intervention of legal proceedings, should be accompanied with an adequate remittance to defray the preliminary charges and disbursements attending the same, and all letters must be paid post.

AARON H. PALMER.

Counsellor of the S. C. of the U. S. ACTARY.

TO PRINTERS.
ROBERT HOE & CO.

PRESS MAKERS, Printers, Joiners, and Machinists, 29 and 31 Gold-street, New-York.

Smith's Printing Presses; Patent Standing Presses; Treadwell's Power Presses; Napier Presses; Hydraulic Presses of any size; Lithographic Presses; Copperplate Presses; Notarial and Copying Presses; Saddle's Presses; Folding Presses, or Stamps; Fly Presses; Patent Stereotype Blocks; Ruling Machines; Ploughs and Boards for squaring paper; Bookbinders' and Carders' Shears; Bookbinders' Presses and Ploughs, Rolls, Fillets, &c.; Imposing Stones and Frames; Chases and Composing Sticks; Rollers with and without covers, old ones covered; Composition Rollers, and moulds for casting do.; Stands and Cases; Washing and Wetting Troughs; Brass Rule of every description; Iron and Brass Side and Foot Sticks; Steel and Iron Points, with and without Springs; Galleys, all sizes, slice and plain; proof Galleys, brass Bottoms; Letter, Paper, and Press Boards; Quoins, Mallets, Planers, and Shooting Sticks; Furniture of all kinds; Parchments and Blankets; Lye, Proof and Pick Brushes; Sheep-foot and Sealboard; Ball Sticks and Skins and Roller Skins; Saws and Saw-boxes; Bolkins, Page-cord, and Peals; Candlesticks and Snuffers; Second-hand Ramage Presses; Printing Ink; Wrought Iron Screws for Cotton, Tobacco, and Standing Presses; Calenders of all sizes; Rollers for second-hand ones of iron, paper or wood. Every thing necessary to fit up a Printing Office, furnished, including the type.

* * * All orders from a distance punctually attended to.
Iron Turning and Blacksmith work in general.
Jan. 8 312

THEORY AND PRACTICE OF SINGING.

A GENTLEMAN, possessing the necessary qualifications, and who has had experience and success in teaching Vocal Music, offers his services as a TEACHER, to singing associations, or schools, and classes formed for the purpose; also to infant and primary schools. The system pursued will be similar to that adopted in the celebrated Juvenile Seminaries of Germany and Switzerland, and is peculiarly adapted to the instruction of children and youth in singing. The analogy between good reading or speaking, and good singing, will form an important consideration in his frequent and familiar lectures.—For terms, &c. apply at No. 82, Nassau-street, next door south of the South Baptist Church.

Jan. 3.
NOTE.—In regard to the propriety of introducing musical instruction into schools, the Rev. Wm. C. Woodbridge, author of a popular Geography, and who returned from a visit to Europe, about one year since, in the September of the American Annals of Education, observes:—

"In the United States, singing is usually considered as an accomplishment which belongs to the luxuries of education. In Germany, it is deemed an essential part of common school instruction; as the means of cultivating one of the most important of our senses, of softening the character, and especially of preparing children to unite in the public worship of God. It is considered no more remarkable, and no more difficult, for children to read and write music, than language, and musical tones are made the means of associating valuable ideas with the common objects and phenomena of nature, and the ordinary events of life."—THOS. HASTINGS, Esq. of Udea, a gentleman of extensive musical erudition, who was in this city a few weeks since, and delivered several interesting and useful Lectures on Sacred Music, in a late number of the Western Recorder, says:—"In the infant, the Sabbath, and the primary schools of every description, the rudimental branches of music might be cultivated, at least to a certain extent, to very great advantage." * * * "If music were to be generally introduced into our primary schools, the circumstance would form a new era in the progress of the art in this country."

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster, for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs; also for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia, for sale at No. 38, Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale, that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st. Also for sale at No. 9 Bowery.

T. KENNETT.

JANSEN'S STORE.

AT B. G. JANSEN'S Blank Book, Stationary, and Label Store, No. 189 1-2 Hudson-street, New-York, may constantly be had, blank books of every description, full or half bound; writing, printing, and wrapping papers; English and American drawing paper, different sizes, 13 by 16 to 31 by 52 inches; Bristol board and ivory paper; albums, various bindings, with or without engravings; plain and tinted paper; portfolios and scrap books; water colors, Reeves', Newman's, Osborn's, and Boston's, by the cake or box; camel's hair pencils; pen and velvet brushes; pocket-books; colored, embossed, and morocco papers; school books; a great variety of prints for scriptables; also, landscapes, views, and flowers, for copies; show-bills and labels; law blanks. All the new publications, as soon as issued from the press, for sale or hired out to be read.

Wood Engraving and Letter Press Printing, in all their various branches, executed with neatness and despatch.

January 15, 1830.

BONESET LOZENGES. The Pectoral

Lozenges of the Extract of Boneset—a new and elegant article is now offered by the subscriber to the public, for the relief of all diseases of the lungs, as consumptions, spitting of blood, asthma, croup, hooping cough, difficulties of breathing, cyanosis, &c. It is also highly beneficial in fever, and all cases wherein there is constitutional excitement, accompanied by obstructions of any of the secretions, as of the skin, liver, lungs, throat, nose, kidneys, &c. It affords also great aid to public speakers and vocalists, for, by exciting the secretions of the mouth and throat, it renders the voice easy, clear and sonorous.

Price 25 cents per box, which contains more of the active principle of the Boneset than any other article ever offered to the public.

Sold, wholesale and retail, by J. BOSTON, at his Drug and Chemical Store, No. 7 Wall street, near Broadway, New York.
Jan. 8. cowf.8

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM,
(Formerly in the Park.)
IS NOW OPEN

In the Marble Buildings, erected for that purpose in Broadway opposite St. Paul's Church.

THIS SPLENDID AND TRULY VALUABLE COLLECTION, is now presented to the public under the firm conviction that they will foster and encourage an institution, the chief object of which is to teach mankind—to look from Nature to Nature's God, and to admire that creative power which has filled the Earth with such a beautiful variety of forms.

The American Museum was founded in 1810 by the late John Scudder, and is by far the largest Museum in America, occupying four spacious halls, and containing the largest Cosmorama in the world, the whole comprising one hundred glasses, through which are exhibited correct delineations of every remarkable place in the world. The views were executed in Europe expressly, and far exceed any thing of the kind in this country.

On every evening this week, there will be some additions made; and the public may rest assured, that (as before stated in a previous advertisement) the manner in which the establishment will be conducted, will not only deserve their patronage, but command it.

Mr. ELY, the celebrated Penman, will attend every night this week, and display his astonishing art to the visitors, the same as on New Year's night. The city and foreign newspapers for the use of visitors and subscribers.

Admittance 25 cents. Tickets for a family for one year, \$10; For a gentleman with the privilege of introducing one or two Ladies each time, \$5; for a single person, three dollars.
J 15

MUSEUM OF WAX FIGURES.

Corner of Howard street and Broadway.—Entrance Howard street.

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Museum is now open, consisting chiefly of Wax Figures, which have never been exhibited in this City. There are more than One Hundred and Thirty Figures in the Museum, among which are—

The Crucifixion of our Saviour, consisting of thirty figures.

The Virgin Mary, together with the birth of Christ in Bethlehem, and the Shepherds.—St. Matthew chap. 2.

The unjust sentence of the Jews against Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world, consisting of Forty Figures.—St. Matthew, chap. 27.

Sisera, Captain over King Jabin's Army, who was slain by Jael, the wife of Heber.—Judges, chap. 4.

Jacob's Vision with the Angels on the ladder.—Genesis, chap. 28.

Hager and her son Ishmael: and God opened her eyes and she saw a well of water.—Genesis, chap. 21.

King Herod slaying the children.—St. Matthew, chap. 2.

John the Baptist beheaded and his head presented to Herod's daughter.—St. Matthew, chap. 14.

The Chinese Family.

The Sleeping Beauty with her six infants.

Spring representing a love scene with a beautiful Cupid, elegant Bower of Trees, Flowers and Fruit.

Summer Autumn and Winter.
Admittance 25 cents—children half price.
Aug 28 M. C. FRIDLE.

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William street, between Maiden Lane and Liberty st.

VANHORN & PIMM, Suspender manufacturers, Philadelphia, thankful for the liberal patronage received from the citizens of New York, respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened an establishment in this city.

The business here will be conducted by John Pimm, one of the firm of Vanhorn & Pimm, who has now on hand, as above, a greater variety of Silk, Worsted, and Cotton **SUSPENDERS**, than has heretofore been offered for sale in this city, including a general assortment of Vanhorn's improved and Patent Spring Roller Suspenders, which in point of ease and durability, are far superior to the Roller Suspenders formerly used. Also, Russian Lint, Vest Springs, Cravat Stiffeners, and a general assortment of Silk, Velvet, and Bombazine **STOCKS**, made on bristle and hair frames, all of which he will dispose of on the most reasonable terms wholesale and retail.

All kinds of suspenders repaired, stocks re-covered, and made to order in the neatest manner.
J 15

TAKE NOTICE.—A DRUGGIST'S STORE

FOR SALE, one of the best stands in this city; with a good collection of Medicines.—The agency of the Carmiantha can remain with the purchaser; the profits arising therefrom will probably pay the rent of the house. A long lease can be obtained. The Fixtures can be had with or without the medicines.

N. B. An extensive business is the cause of the proprietor's disposing of the store. Apply at 131 Walker-street. Jan. 15. 9

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